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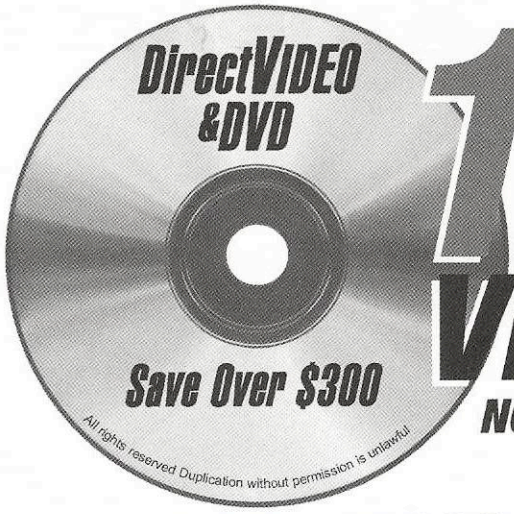

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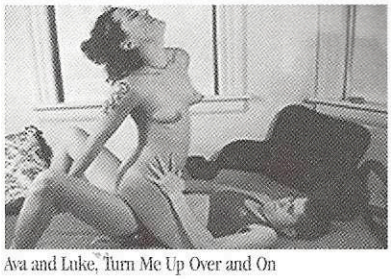

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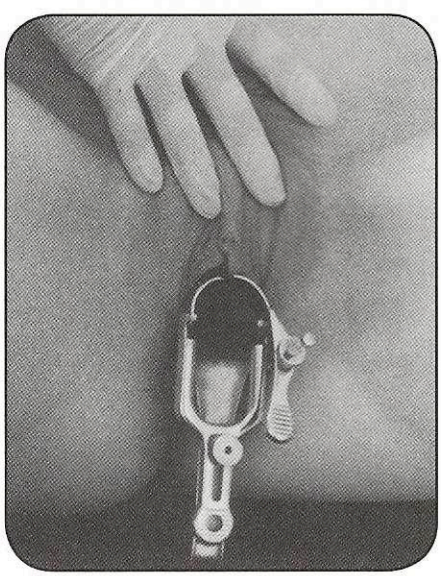

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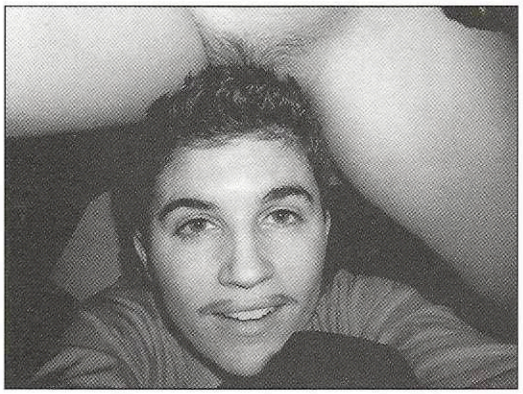
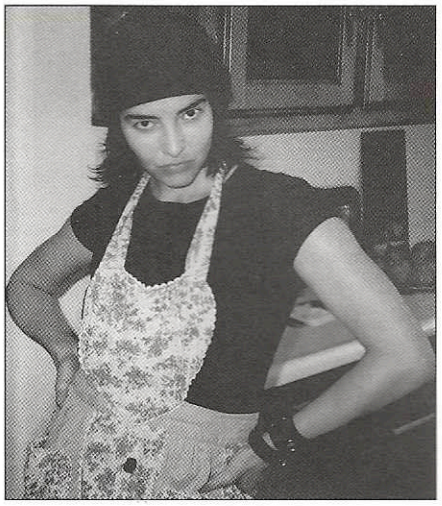
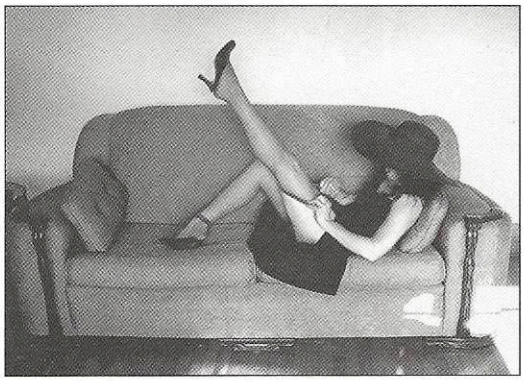


Former model **Brett Fisher** (top) was thrilled to be on the other side of the camera for **On Our Backs.** And photographing our naughty nurses for the cover was the best trip to the doctor's office she has ever had! This is Brett's first published spread, but she's been doing fine art and erotic photography for several years. Check out her Web site www.brettisisfisher.com for now until the racier www.succulentphoto.com comes out later this year.



Twenty-some-odd years ago a young and bookish **Felicia Luna Lemus** (top) ("Insurrection" p. 34) convinced herself that Patti Smith growled "Free Money" just for her. Punk worshipper from that day forward, Lemus lives to write about smart perverts and their blessedly tangled lives. Her first novel, *Trace Elements of Random Tea Parties* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 2003), is forthcoming in paperback (Seal Press, September 2004). When she's not busy writing smutty short stories, Lemus works on her second novel.

Adventure Girl virgin **Metis Black** (below) went to AVN and lived to pen the tale. Metis is your basic phallus-hawking, smut-scribbling silicone princess. And as president of Tantus Silicone, she's plotting to conquer the world, one dildo at a time. An intellectual sex adventurer with a streak of wildness and a predilection for trouble, she's got an intimate understanding of how to build a better mousetrap (or, in this case, butt plug).



Elizabeth Watasin (top) who illustrated our True Confession on page 36 has also worked on animated feature films and comic books. She is the writer and artist of *Charm School* (published by Slave Labor Graphics), a comic book about a witch, her butch vampire girlfriend, and the sexy faerie who tries to come between them. When she's not drawing sexy girls, you can find her at her site, www.a-girlstudio.com.

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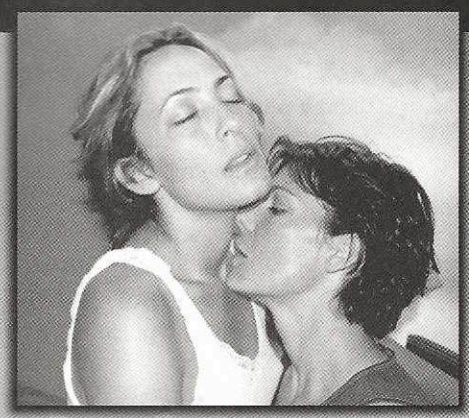

"Over-the-top lesbian kink-farce" - *E! online*

"Thank you, ma'am. May we have another?" - Connie Ogle, *Miami Herald*

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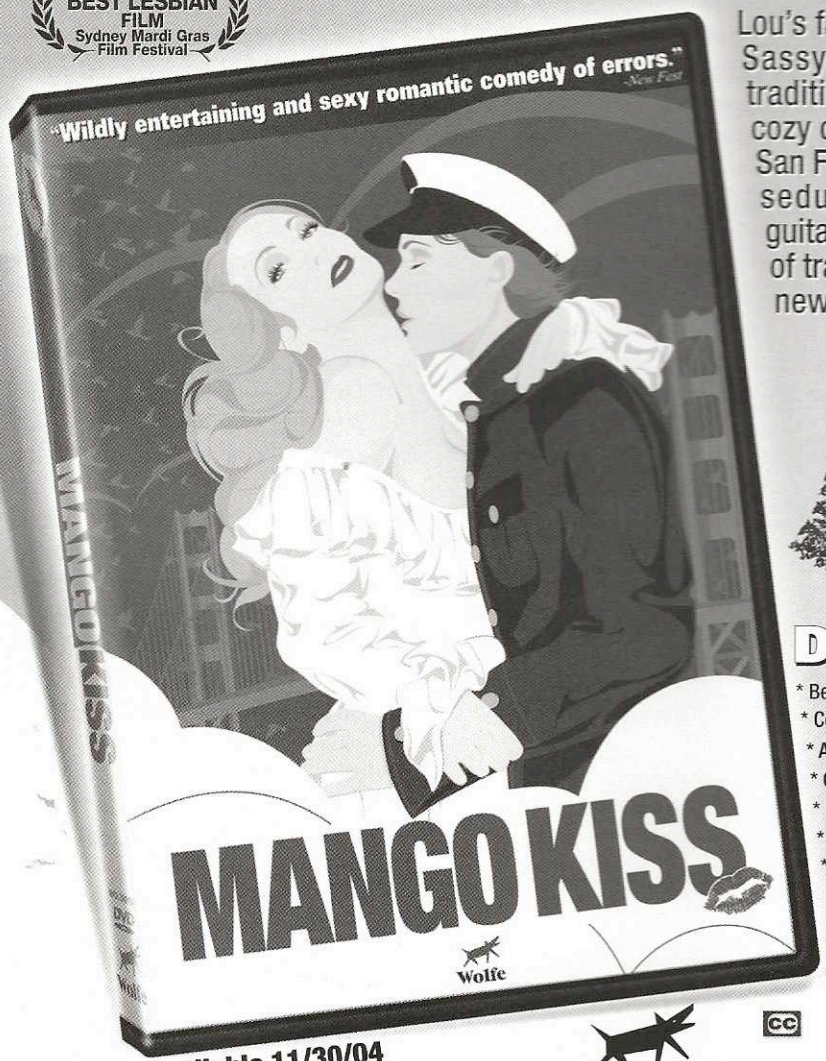

Lou's fallen in love with her best friend, Sassy, but before Lou's dream of traditional romance can blossom, this cozy couple is swept away into a sexy San Francisco scene. Tempted by their seductive boss and an enticing guitarist, the couple veers off the path of traditional romance into precarious new directions.

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Very Happy Anniversary

Whenever the discreet white envelope containing **On Our Backs** arrives at my work, I immediately get wet just imagining what is inside. I have it sent to work intentionally so that I can feel secretly naughty in a way none of my straight coworkers would ever understand. Usually I can wait at least until I get into my car to Jill off, but your twentieth anniversary issue caught me totally off guard. Giving it my customary peruse while hiding it under my desk, I found it was so chock full of fucking hot sexy goodness that I had to relieve myself right there. Next time stick some kind of code warning on the outside. I almost got caught!

[Name Witheld]
Via the Internet

Older and Bolder

On Our Backs is a great magazine. I really appreciated the twentieth anniversary issue, it brought me back to when I first started reading. I've subscribed to the magazine off and on since the late eighties and I think you've done a good job with representing authentic lesbian sex throughout the years. Please don't sell out and start showing pictures that look like regular men's porn. I buy the magazine to see women like myself and my partner. I'm 47, and my partner is 39, and we have an active and enjoyable sex life. We love **On Our Backs**, but we'd like to see more older women, and more butch women. And stories about older women, and women of size would be great as well.

Kat Roberts
Chicago, Illinois

I love your magazine. I'm a long-time fan! I just have one request. Can we see more older women, especially older butches? Some of the butch models, cute though they are, look very young to me. I'd like to see a handsome older dyke, with muscles, laugh lines, and that look in her eyes that says, "been there, done that, and you're next!" Thanks for taking this femme's request into consideration, and keep up the great work!

Aimee Pearl
San Francisco, California

Bi-partisan

I think the reaction to your article "Bi Now, Pay Later" (December/January 2004) was great. If we don't discuss issues openly, we won't make progress toward understanding each other. I would love to see a similar discussion about transsexual women. I feel that the bisexual experience has many paralells to the transsexual experience. As a transsexual woman coming out, I found the pages of **On Our Backs** and *Girlfriends* magazines very comforting. There were beautiful women of all shapes and sizes. I knew that I could just be me, and not worry about fitting into a category. There are lesbians who show great compassion toward the transsexual community. I don't know where I would be without them. Yet I am hesitant to socialize freely with lesbians because some reject me as a member of their community. That's the reality you live with when you don't fit neatly into one category or another.

Helen R. Wright
Riverhead, New York

Orally Inclined

I couldn't believe my eyes when I was browsing through the 20th Anniversary issue of **On Our Backs** (June/July 2004) and saw the amazing spread of the hot sixty-nine action ladies (centerfold p.24). Unlike a lot of pictures in porn magazines, this particular photo grabbed me because there was something so intimate and yet passionate about it. I was also really into the way the giver was grabbing the receiver's breasts, and I especially loved the way the other lady was receiving so gracefully, so freely. It was an inspiration to me. Thanks for always giving us something unexpected.

Nina [last name withheld]
Iowa City, Iowa

I applaud you in your effort to illustrate the many ways women can achieve sexual gratification. I look forward to the day that mainstream media will show the same. Imagine watching *The 'L' Word* and actually seeing hot strap-on sex, a fisting scene, or ass fucking. I look forward to the day that the perception that cunnilingus is the predominant form of lesbian sex is dispelled. Please don't sign your newsletter or editor's letter "Happy Licking." We do not all enjoy it. It turned me off after you had gotten me all hot. I have 10 genital piercings and they do not react well to oral sex. So pass on the oral sex and pass me the Hitachi Magic Wand.

Susan [last name withheld]
Washington, D.C.

Classic centerfold from Aug.Sept 1998, photography by Peter DaSilva

---

talk to us sweet, talk to us dirty.
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Back on our Backs

When my ninth grade English lit class studied "The Canterbury Tales," my teacher asked us all the question of Chaucer's original feminist, the Wife of Bath, "What do women really want?"

My answer was "Orgasms."

I didn't understand at all why the class laughed. I mean, hell yes, we want orgasms. Don't we?

Of course we want other things as well: representation in the media, good quality sex toys, the right to marry and live safely with our loved ones. Those are all a given. But we've found that the question of what we want in a sex magazine has been much harder to answer.

Here at **On Our Backs** we aim to please. Which is why we took a few months off to rethink and redesign our magazine. We want to keep you happy.

I bet you've missed us. I bet you've been sitting around pining for us, wishing someone would stuff some hot girl smut in your empty box, right?

Me too. Our little hiatus was designed to give us clarity about our mission and our magazine. And I may be the editor, but I'll confess to missing the finished product as much as any reader. The fact is, there's a dearth of sexy entertainment for dykes out there, and as the one and only queer girl-on-girl sex rag, we feel a pretty big responsibility to be the best we can be. So if that means taking a little time off to tart up a bit, so be it. Though in the meantime, my Saturday afternoon masturbation sessions have been somewhat lackluster.

I made sure to get a full physical at the shoot. Brett Fisher

I'm very happy to announce that we're back. The issue you hold in your hands is the product of our hiatus. We're not completely finished with our makeover, but this issue is a little sneak preview to whet your appetite. Go ahead, call us a cocktease. We won't deny it.

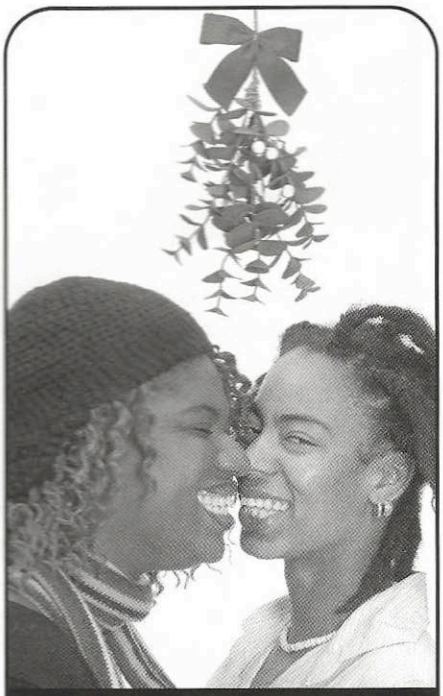
We're debuting several new departments in the issue. Check out the sexy horoscopes by queer girl astrologers Michelle Tea and Jessica Lanyadoo (p. 44), a quiz that will gauge your sluttiness (p. 38), and True Confessions, a series of stories sent in by readers detailing their most shocking sex escapades. If you've ever been hot for a makeup counter hussy, you'll love the story on page 37.

Drop us a line and let us know what you think.

XOXO,

Diana Cage

Diana Cage, Editor



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compiled by Diana Cage

"My private life is private. But at the same time, I have nothing to hide. So what I will say is that I am very happy." *Former* Sex in the City *star* **Cynthia Nixon**, *on her relationship with a woman in the* New York Daily News.

"You have a kid who is looking to fit in, and here you have a network that looks very inviting, very accepting, and this young kid is going to get a false representation of what homosexuality has to offer." **Mike Haley**, *manager of gender issues with the Christian group* Focus on the Family, *on MTV's new gay network.*

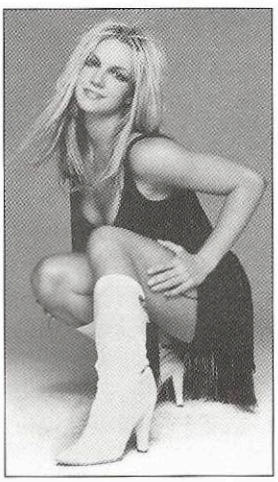
"We're all God's children, Bob. And I think if you were to talk to Dick Cheney's daughter, who is a lesbian, she would tell you that she's being who she was, she's being who she was born as." *Democratic nominee* **John Kerry** *in response to the question "Do you believe homosexuality is a choice?" during the third presidential debate.*

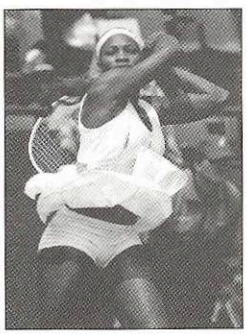
"Your support of Kerry's bringing up Mary Cheney in the debate just lost my respect completely. The best analogy I can think of would have been Carter mentioning Betty Ford's addiction or someone mentioning Martha Mitchell's instability and alcoholism." *Letter written to* **Andrew Sullivan** *in response to his support of John Kerry's mention of Mary Cheney's homosexuality, from www.andrewsullivan.com.*

"Lynne Cheney didn't seem ashamed by lesbians while she was describing a pussy-licking fest in one of her novels. And now she wants to deny the fact that her daughter is out there licking snatch! If anything they should have Mary Cheney out there speaking on behalf of the George W. I mean she knows more about Bush than anyone else on that campaign!" *Romaine Patterson, cohost of* The Derek and Romaine Show *on Sirius OutQ.*

Derek Hartley and Romaine Patterson *of* The Derek and Romaine Show *on Sirius OutQ.*

"A dildo." **Britney Spears**' *answer to the question "What was the last thing you'd had in your mouth," according to Simon Amstell, host of the U.K. television show* Popword. *As reported by Britain's* The Mirror.





We just wanted to show you this picture of **Serena William**'s undies. –The **On Our Backs** editorial staff

Healing Sex: The Complete Guide to Sexual Wholeness

[SIR Productions, 2004]

Somatics instructor Staci Haines, author of the landmark self-help book *The Survivor's Guide to Sex*, is a goddess. She's got a no-victims, no-bullshit approach to healing sexual trauma that addresses the body as well as the mind and that has helped hundreds of people already. Pair her with the savvy video gals at SIR Productions and watch a miracle unfold. The video format allows Haines to demonstrate her embodied exercises and present vignettes that explore the interpersonal dynamics of trauma and healing for both survivors and their partners. Some of the diverse cast are actors (though they're so convincing in their portrayals, it's easy to forget that fact), and some are real-life survivors telling their own stories. Most how-to sex tapes are well-meaning, but suffer from an excess of earnestness; this one never talks down or simplifies complex experiences. Quite simply, this video has the potential to be life-changing. —*Lori Selke*

Trannyfags: A Gender Fucking Porno

[Morty Diamond Productions, 2004]

A quartet of cute young transmen get it on, hardcore-style, first with each other and then with a tasty selection of faggy bio boys. Every orifice is penetrated with fingers, strap-ons, and cocks; there's plenty of oral action, too. Mark Van Helsing is a tiny punk dude who tops a tall kilted goth boy in a sling. Joey Genoa puts in a booty call to his handsome friend, who dons a strap-on over his God-given tackle—you can see his hard-on peeking out over the top of the harness. Very cute. Billy Coyote picks up a dapper—and virginal—traveling salesman and takes him to the hot tubs for a warm, wet tryst. These boys aren't shy about displaying their surgically and hormonally altered bodies —in fact, a poolside circle-jerk at the beginning dispels any worries on that front. This is director Morty Diamond's porno debut, and it's an impressive one. —*Lori Selke*

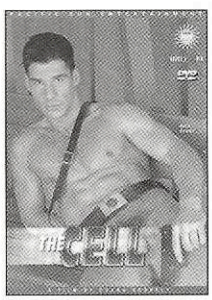
Pornograflics

[Dirty Pillows, 2004]

A number of different writers and directors contributed to make this vignette compilation stand out as one of the best dyke porno flicks in years. The flavor is definitely on the young, punk, and pierced side, down to the soundtrack choices. There are several floodworthy female ejaculations caught up close and in living color, and plenty of deliciously intense sex throughout. The action starts with a bossy femme top forced to turn on her extra-heavy seduction powers to distract her butch lover from her shiny new motorcycle. After that is a supercharged scene wherein a security guard busts a saucy shoplifter, but allows her to, uh, get off easy in exchange for some sexual favors. In fact, all the best moments on this tape involve retail: don't miss the rough and raw threesome in the dressing room of a hip boutique. This tape is not without flaw; there are two softcore vignettes, one arty and one romantic, that are cute but kill the heat. And the burlesque segments seem totally out of place, as if someone had spliced in a John Waters movie by mistake. But for a virgin effort from Dirty Pillows, it's more than a solid start. It's an instant classic. —*Lori Selke*

The Cell: Part 1 – Confinement

[Pacific Sun Entertainment, 2004]



It's hard to go wrong with gay boy porn featuring prison cells, uniforms, and buff Euro bods. Sure, the subtitles are cheesy beyond belief. Yes, the plot is incoherent. And okay, even the sets are sometimes silly. But oh, those Eastern European accents. That chiseled manflesh, hidden inside deftly tailored military duds. Apparently we're in a prison somewhere deep in Eastern Europe, where the guards are bored and horny, and so are the prisoners. It's a guilty pleasure, but a tasty one nonetheless. —*Lori Selke*

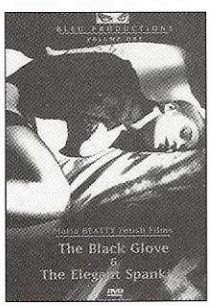
Working Girlz

[Working Girls Productions, 2004]

There's no cheesy dialogue or implausible plot to distract you from the amazing sex in this flick by new dyke porn company Working Girls Productions. Director Morgana simply sets the stage and allows scenes to unfold in a natural fashion. Morgana's background as a Pro Domme is apparent in the way the couples explore their role play scenarios and weave SM and light bondage play throughout their scenes. Lots of amazing penetration close-ups and hot anal play make this one worth jerking off to. The low-tech sound and production give it a home video feel, which adds to its realistic appeal. Post scene interviews with the actors give this video a fun, sex-positive vibe. —*Tina Butcher*

The Black Glove *and* The Elegant Spanking

[Bleu Productions, 2003]



The Black Glove and *The Elegant Spanking* are two films by art porn genius Maria Beatty packaged together and newly released on DVD. Both are elegant and beautifully shot, with a haunting score designed by experimental composer John Zorn. *The Black Glove* contains a truly clit-sparking hot wax scene, many shiny medical instruments clamped to tender areas, and lots of lingering shots of the beatific and stunning face of Maria Beatty as she endures the torture. *The Elegant Spanking* explores the sexy dynamic between a bratty, beautiful housemaid and her demanding and stunning mistress. Anything Maria Beatty does is great and both of these films are sights to behold. —*Diana Cage*

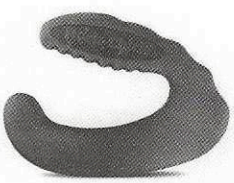
Special Holiday Gift Guide

We asked our naughtiest friends and family members what sexy toys they were hoping to get their hot little hands on this holiday season. We hope the answers will give you some ideas for seducing your sweetheart.

Spanking Skirt
[JT's Stockroom, $177]

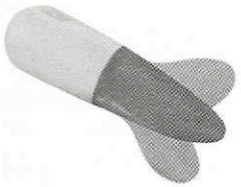
From the front it looks like a normal leather skirt, but the back is made of straps that go over and under your tush, leaving your posterior completely exposed for spanking. *Tres Sexy!*

Rock Chick
[www.rock-chick.com, $65]



This silicone clit stimulator and G spot combo toy sure feels interesting. It's a totally new design that theoretically offers everything you need in one cute bendable package. Designed for solo pleasure, it definitely offers more bang for your masturbatory buck than the standard dildo.

Mini Tongue
[Lady Calston, $44.95]



No longer will you be tongue-tied with this new and improved version of Lady Calston's mini tongue. For those nights alone or on the road simply keep your mini tongue satisfied with batteries and it will never tire.

Severin
[Tantus Silicone, $18 - $36]

Well-designed butt plugs are more fun than a barrel of monkeys and the Severin is a design champ. The thick, rippled body is more exciting than your standard smooth shaft, and the base of this baby is narrow enough to allow access to your girlfriend's butthole even while she's plugged.

Solar Powered Vibe
[California Exotic Novelties, $40]

This vibe is environmentally friendly and fun. Charge it up under the sun or a light bulb. If you are going camping and plan on getting off in the daylight hours, this is the vibe for you. So invite your sunbathing cutie along for a ride in the golden sunlight.

Bondage Duckie
[Big Teaze Toys, $24.95]

Bound in its shiny black corset, sassy spiked collar, and sporty tattoo, this is one naughty vibrating duckie. Includes its own set of duckie-sized handcuffs!

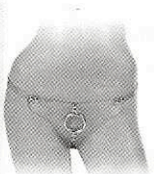
Small Favors Girly Porno Comic Collection: Books One and Two
[Eros Comix, $14.95 each]

Colleen Coover has a totally refreshing take on dirty comics. All of her comic books are collected here in two volumes. The sex in these cute comics is healthy and fun, the characters are adorable and smart, and the illustrations are wonderful.

Derriere Plume
[Sportsheets, $36.95]

With this feathered butt plug, your butt is not only plugged, it's pretty too.

Peekaboo Harness
[Sportsheets, $29]



Why spend all that time and money getting a Brazillian wax if it's going to be hidden behind a lot of black leather? This clear vinyl harness will nicely show off your genital coif.

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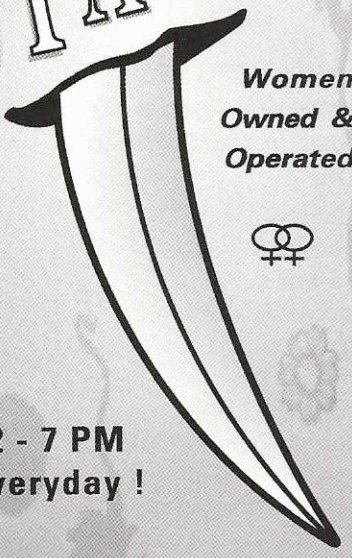

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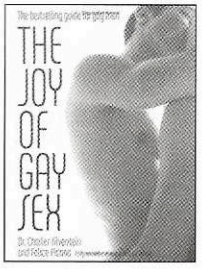
The Joy of Gay Sex

by Dr. Charles Silverstein and Felice Picano
[Harper Collins]



Most lesbian sex guides cover activities like cruising, cocksucking, and handballing obliquely at best. Though written for gay men, there are some queer women who will get a lot out of this incredibly comprehensive book. It's invaluable to dykes who don't identify as lesbians, and especially for dykes who really identify with their cocks. *The Joy of Gay Sex* goes beyond the nuts and bolts of sex and also covers social concerns, aesthetics, and medical issues. Accompanied by gorgeous illustrations, the book provides just about all the information you need to know as a sexually active person. In addition to learning a great deal about sexual positions, you'll also learn about sexual politics, compulsive behavior, drug use, growing older, spirituality, celibacy, and other important topics. *—Diana Cage*

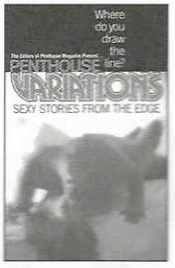
Back to Basics: A Butch-Femme Anthology

edited by Therese Szymanski
[Bella Books]

Therese Szymanski revitalizes the whole notion of butch/femme, imbuing it with romance, glamour, and eroticism in this much-anticipated volume. These authors write from all perspectives—from old school to new school, from first time situations to classic scenes by women who've been around the block. The book's 300 action-packed pages leave space for longer pieces such as Nathalie Graham's moving "Pen and Willow." Authors constantly reexamine gender and sex roles—femmes push butch boundaries and vice versa—and the collection as a whole shows the way concepts of butch/femme have both evolved and stayed the same over the years. Elizabeth Dunn's closing story, "Requiem," is a beautiful rendering of love gone awry. When she writes, "The way my baby held me made me feel lucky to be alive," the reader knows she truly means it. *—Rachel Kramer Bussel*

Penthouse Variations: Stories from the Edge

by the editors of Penthouse
[Warner Books]



This collection of twenty-eight stories compiled by the editors of *Penthouse* lacks much of the variation that's promised in the title. The stories are split into sections with titles like "Exotic Vacations," where the tales are about, you guessed it, sex on vacation. "Midnight Desires" tackles rudimentary BDSM topics, and "Satin Embraces" is the editors' stab at lesbian sex. While there isn't a lot of new territory explored here, the writing itself, as the authors describe no-thrills fucking, is straight forward and sparse. Insert your boi-friend's face into every scene for a more interesting read. *—Bridget Canon*

Suicide Girls

edited by Missy Suicide
[Feral House Publishing]

I first saw the *Suicide Girls* on the Web, thanks to a sticker I picked up somewhere in San Francisco. Now, the Internet-challenged can own a print version of some of the hottest tattooed and pierced flesh from around the globe. *Suicide Girls*, the brainchild of photographer Missy Suicide, is a sexy collection of modern-day pin-ups—girls who defy the traditional genre (defined by straight male sexuality). The first half of the book consists of Missy's photos, while self-portraits and text by the women themselves dominates the second half. Throughout the book you'll find hot dyke action (more on the soft porn side) as well as plenty of skin and scenarios. You won't find older hotties or gorgeous women of size here, but nonetheless, it's a rock-out-without-your-cock-out good time. *—Meliza Bañales*

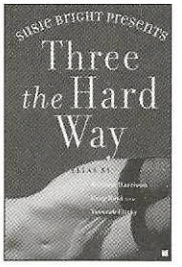
Unrepentant Whore

by Scarlot Harlot
[Last Gasp Press]

Finally, someone has published the collected works of one of the most important folks around. *Unrepentant Whore* is an amazing, diverse collection of songs, photos (naughty and nice), interviews, and essays in Scarlot Harlot's own words. Harlot, a tireless activist for sex-workers rights, chronicles her past thirty years of adventures, which include: fighting with ACT-UP for AIDS research and awareness, being a professional call-girl, and working with Annie Sprinkle. She covers a multitude of topics (media, fat prejudice, sex prejudice, and all the "ism"s) and weaves them together in this brash, thoughtful account of her wild ride of a life. *—Meliza Bañales*

Susie Bright Presents: Three the Hard Way

by William Harrison, Greg Boyd, and Tsaurah Litzky
[Touchstone Books]



Susie Bright comes out with another selection of erotica for our tomorrow. *Three the Hard Way* consists of three different erotic novellas from Harrison, Boyd, and Litzky—all writers that Bright has followed and praised as being some of the best erotic fiction authors today. Though much of the material is oriented around straight sex, there is still plenty of room for imagination as in Boyd's "The Widow," a story about a husband reading his wife's secret novel. The writing itself is quite sharp and emblematic of the well-crafted, witty storytelling readers have come to expect from Bright's editing choices. *—Meliza Bañales*

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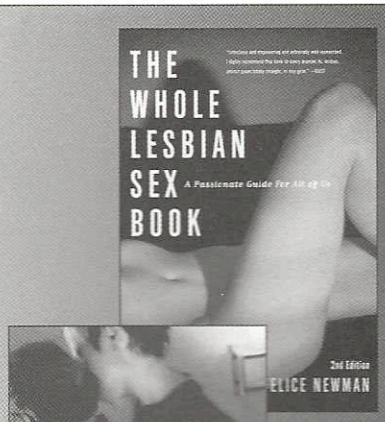

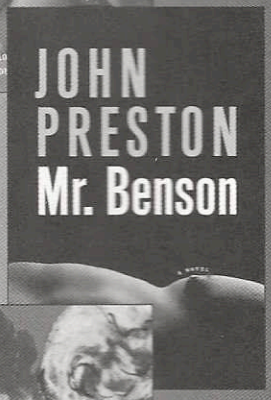

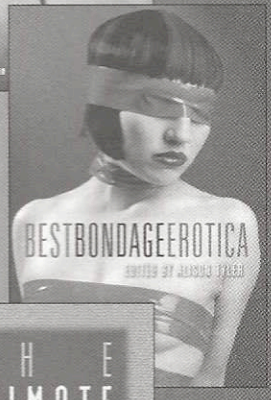

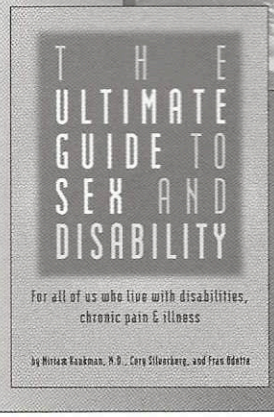

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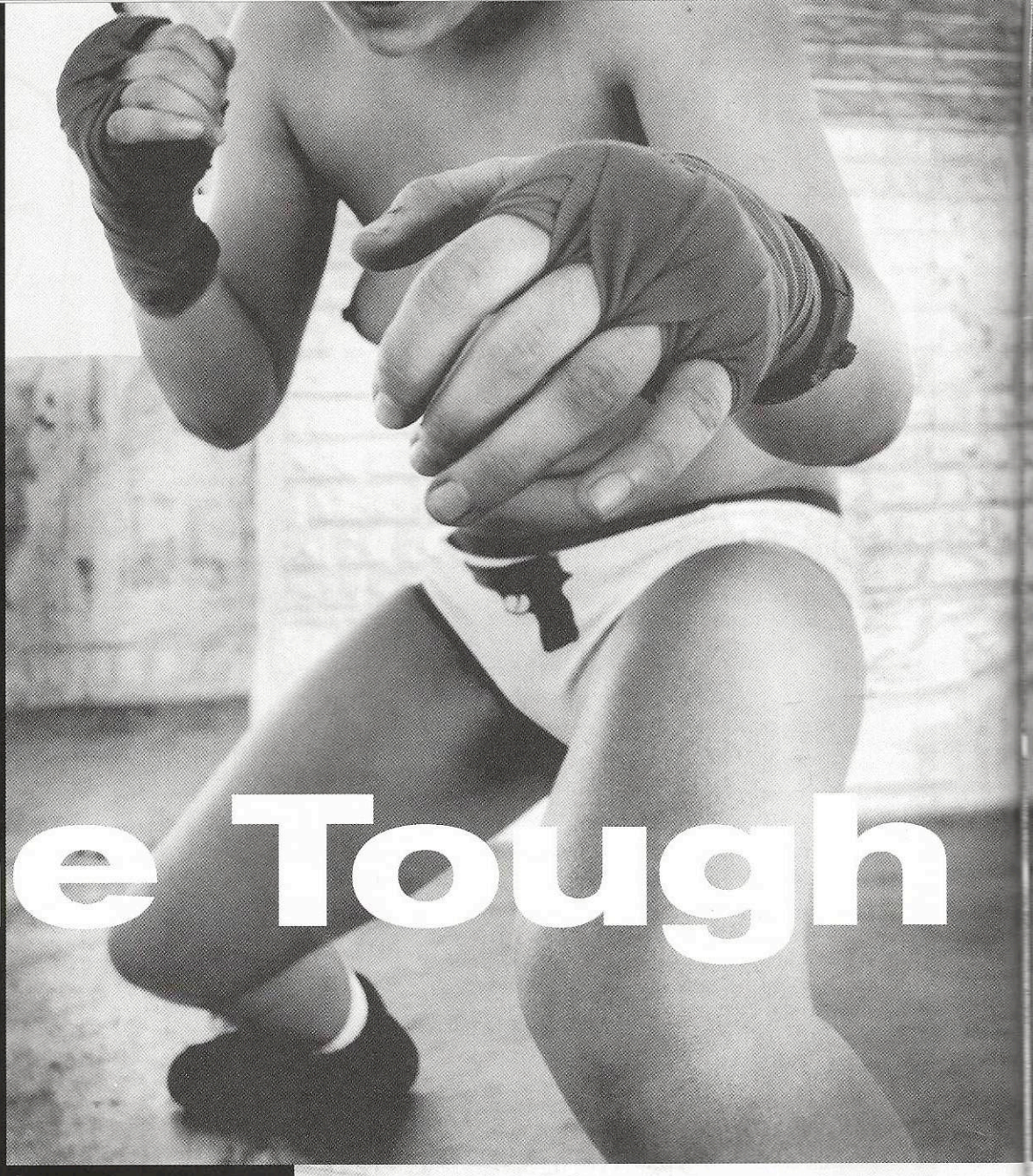
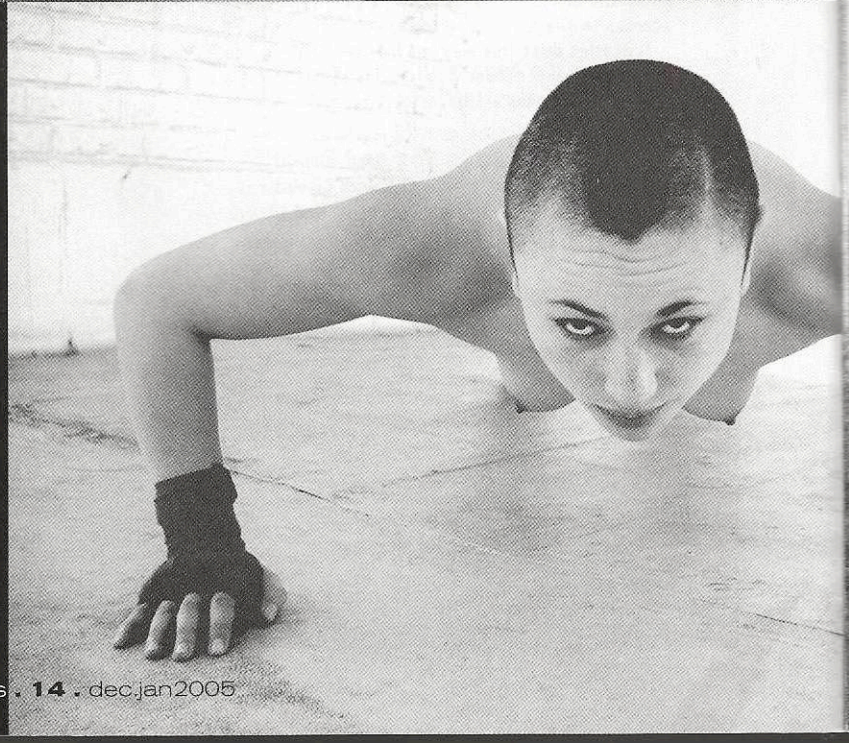
We had no idea kickboxers were so kinky

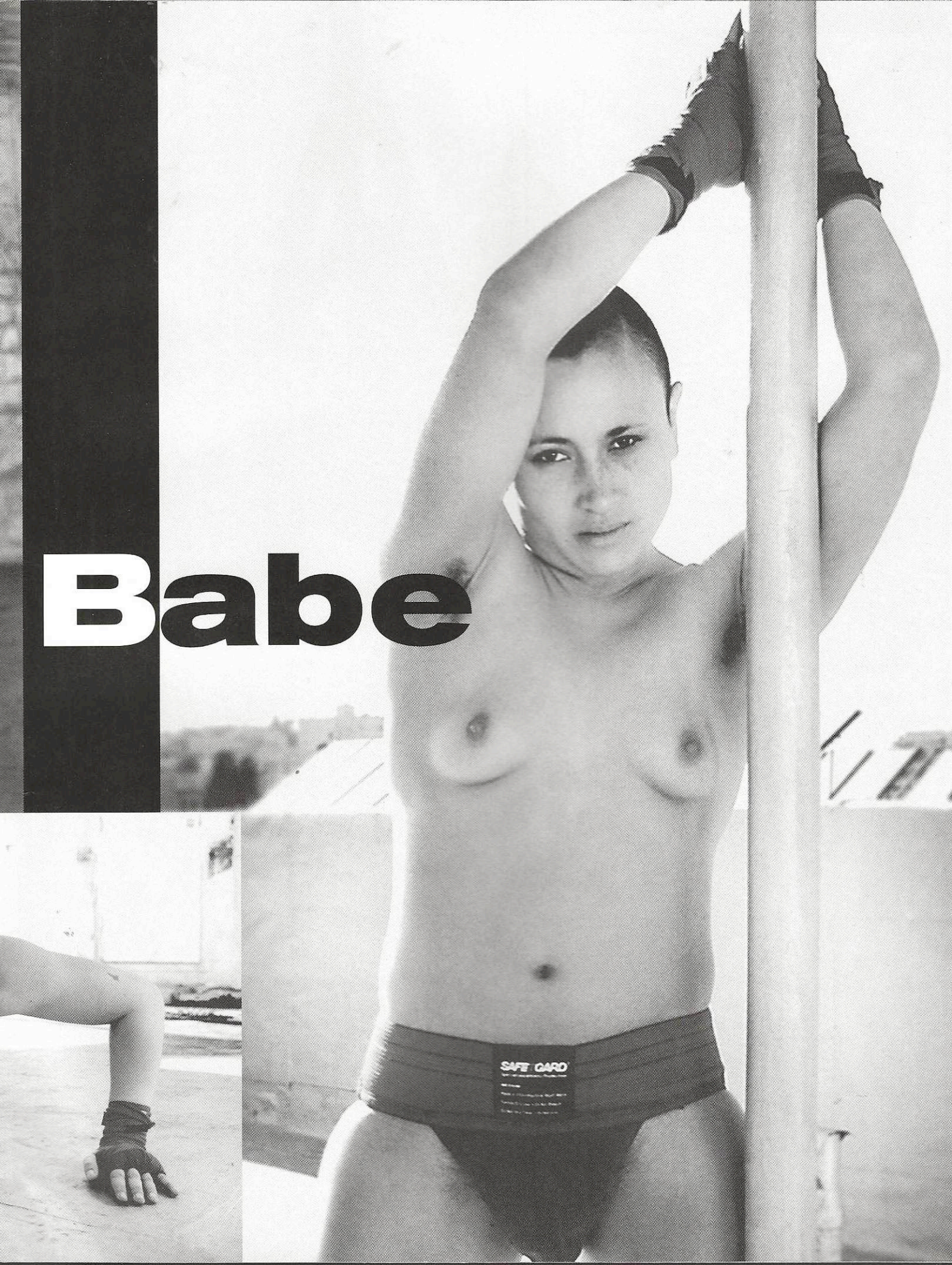
photography by
Phyllis Christopher

One Tough

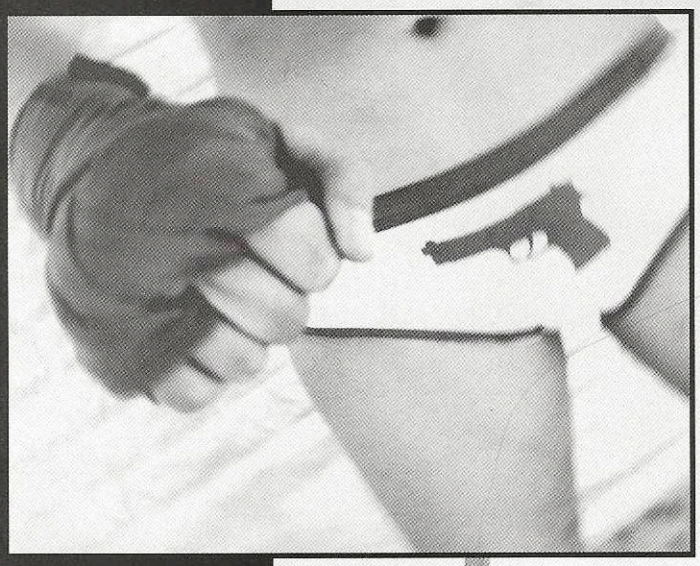


Name: Shawn
Age: 23
Identity: Genderqueer
Location: San Francisco
What kind of girls get your attention: Tough ones.
Favorite sex act:
I like all sex acts. But I especially love ass fucking.
Did you enjoy posing nude:
I wasn't nude. I was wearing gloves.
What do you do when you aren't posing nude:
Train hard bodies
Any special kinks we should know about:
I love young 'uns. Oh, and black eyes.




Babe
SAFE GARD

One Tough Babe



The Women OUTSIDE Michigan

Camp Trans organizer Sadie Crabtree on MWMF, trans women's rights, and sexual healing

by Michelle Tea

Sadie Crabtree speaks out about trans-exclusion.

What is the number one thing a thinking dyke can do to broaden her political and social conscience? Get yer ass to Camp Trans, a fiercely engaged and deliriously celebratory protest against the Michigan Womyn's Music Festival's no-trans-women-allowed policy that faces off the festival each year. One of the head organizers of Camp Trans is Sadie Crabtree, who manages the exhausting and exhilarating event with weary sweetness and a revolutionary's ferocity. I tossed her some questions about controversy, activism, and sex in the woods.

On Our Backs: What's the biggest misconception people have about Camp Trans?

Sadie Crabtree: The biggest is that it's about getting FTMs and trannyboys into Michigan. Or that it's basically an alternative festival for festies' boyfriends. But Camp Trans is a political protest, and the mission is ending the exclusion of trans women from women-only spaces. Its goal is to unify and strengthen women's communities—not to stop Michigan or any other space from being women-only. And I really wish I didn't have to clarify that "trans women" are women who were assigned male at birth and who now live as women—but I've worked on this issue long enough to know I need to spell it out.

OOB: One of your more controversial strategies is to boycott all artists who perform at Michigan. Can you tell me about that?

SC: It started in 1999, when the Butchies appeared on the MWMF lineup. When trans activists and fans contacted them to find out what an ostensibly trans-positive band was doing playing Michigan, they responded, to everyone's shock, with a public statement of support for the anti-trans policy. Trans activists reacted by holding outreach events at Butchies shows. A lot of fans attacked the method, saying that the protesters would never change the policy by "infighting." Those people misunderstand the goals of the artist campaign. The point of the artist campaign was to create consequences for transphobia in women's communities where there were none before.

OOB: What about the charge that the boycott hurts artists who already have a hard time making a buck?

SC: My response is usually, "I'm sorry, do you have any idea how hard it is to make a buck as a trans woman artist?" Is it more important for non-trans women to take money from a company that refuses to employ trans women artists than it is for trans women artists to be able to support themselves? That's what those people are really saying—that non-trans women are more important than trans women.

OOB: Which artists have come out against Michigan's policy?
SC: Melissa Ferrick canceled her contract with Michigan one year, and wrote [festival organizer] Lisa Vogel a letter saying the [anti-trans] policy was a reason she wasn't playing. Nomy Lamm and Rachel Carns wrote a petition against the policy that's been signed by thousands of people, including a lot of other artists—you can check that out [and more] at www.strap-on.org/mwmf. Tami Hart has been really cool, too. Right now Camp Trans is working on getting together artists who can't or won't play MWMF because of the policy to be part of a [compilation] CD to raise money and get the word out. If you're an artist and you're interested, contact us!

OOB: What can non-trans dykes do to be allies to Camp Trans and to trans women in general?
SC: Don't be a part of excluding trans women. Stop going to MWMF until the policy changes, and write Lisa Vogel a letter and tell her why. Send a copy to Camp Trans. If you think you absolutely have to go [to the festival], come by Camp Trans and find out what you can do to help. We need to consider trans women's lives as women's lives. Find out if the organizations you support include trans people and trans issues.

Don't buy into the bullshit about what kinds of trans people are "revolutionary" and what kinds aren't. So some trans people don't "smash the gender binary" the way the theory says we should—neither do six billion other people. That has nothing to do with the rights and respect we deserve. Most importantly, just speak up. People get away with not caring about trans people and trans issues because trans people are few in number and are often made invisible.

OOB: You're a leatherdyke active in SM communities—how does that interact with your activism?
SC: Doing SM has given me a different perspective on how people work, and how power works. And power is an inescapable part of what we have to deal with as activists and organizers. If you read Saul Alinsky's *Rules for Radicals*, most of the things he lists as qualities of a good organizer are also qualities of a good top, and I don't think that's a coincidence.

OOB: Is there tons of sex at Camp Trans?
SC: Yes, there [is]. It's like any group of like-minded people in close quarters for an extended period of time. You've got a lot of people who can feel pretty beat down in their day-to-day lives, who may not know any other trans people, and then they're suddenly in a space where they're the majority for a week. And all of a sudden you can go swimming in the lake with a bunch of other trans people and not feel self-conscious about your body for the first time in as long as you can remember. It's a beautiful, incredible experience. People feel good about themselves. Yeah, sex happens. There are designated camping areas for people who want to be loud and fuck way back in the woods, and no sex [is allowed] in community areas.

Another thing you see is how the sexualization of trans people isn't necessarily fair or liberating. In past years, Camp Trans had a reputation for being a really sexual space, but trans women never saw that side of things. You see that over and over in dyke communities: trans women are ostracized and desexualized and stereotyped as conservative, while FTMs are fetishized and stereotyped as heroic gender revolutionaries. It's been said that the dyke community is more accepting of trans men than trans women, but I don't think the way either of us are treated really constitutes acceptance. Trans women are ostracized by dykes who don't consider us real women; trans men are sexualized by dykes who don't see them as real men.

OOB: What's planned for this summer's Camp Trans?
SC: There will be workshops, there will be organizing training sessions so people can take new skills back home to do activism in their communities, there will be fun community-building events, there will be dance parties. There will be performances by trans women artists. And, in terms of strategy, we're going to expand our communications and recruitment. A lot of people try to justify attending Michigan by saying they want to change things from the inside, but they never bother leaving the festival to ask trans women how they can help. We're developing ways for people who still go to Michigan to do real work on the inside.

MWMF's attendance is way, way down, in part because this archaic policy is contributing to the festival's growing irrelevance to young, progressive queer women who consider themselves allies of trans people. That's not what we want to happen—we want the festival to grow and succeed and include all women, and benefit from the diversity of experience that trans women bring to women's communities. To make that happen, we're working to organize festival attendees to stop Lisa Vogel's policy from denying the festival to even more women. Festival attendees fund the festival, and they have the power to change it.

To find out more about Camp Trans, visit *www.camptrans.org*. ■

Michelle Tea is the author of Valencia *and* The Chelsea Whistle.

"All of a sudden you can go swimming in the lake with a bunch of other trans people and not feel self-conscious about your body. It's a beautiful, incredible experience." —Crabtree

The horny muse

this artist's model couldn't sit still

photography by
John Emslie

Nadine is a beautiful model with a passion for seducing artists. And Carolyn, the shy feminist painter, quickly discovered she was not immune. The painter felt overwhelmed by Nadine's beautiful body. She couldn't concentrate, every brush stroke increased the tension in the room. She sensed the heat between them, but tried desperately to ignore it. Finally the kittenish Nadine couldn't take it. "Fuck me," she whispered as she slid off the couch and prowled toward the easel. And Carolyn had no choice but to give in to her desires.

OnOurBacks

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fiction

Pluto SEX

An excerpt from the new illustrated novel by Michelle Tea

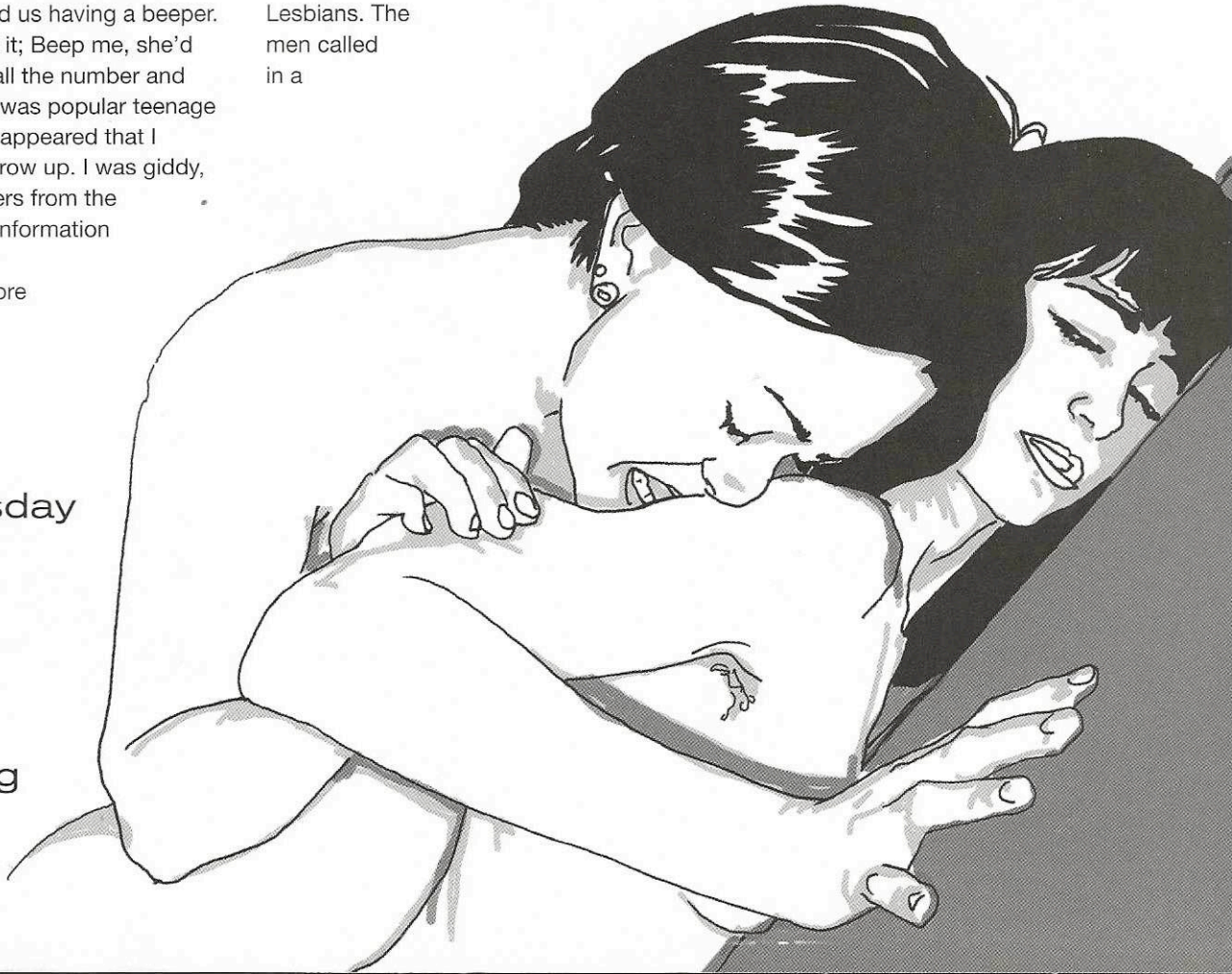
illustrated by Laurenn McCubbin

The intense planet Pluto continued its ongoing transit on my person. How, how could I make some money? It seemed it would have to be something dark and illegal. I had no other options. It wasn't my fault. It was society. Don't forget that. I wished I could make a prostitute's salary and have a prostitute's daily structure without actually being a prostitute. What if I turned tricks part-time, one or two a week, stashing the cash in the Grecian Getaway lunch box fund. I would keep my job at the bookstore; it wouldn't be my life, not like before. It wouldn't be so surreal and stressful. It would be occasional; strange, but not my daily fabric. I was having so much sex with Eleanor. We couldn't stop. I had scratches on my cheek from when she fucked me against my glittered bedroom wall and the sharp topography of sparkle cut into me and I didn't even feel it. I was feeling too much. I was feeling everything. Eleanor had bruises on her cheek from where I bit her. Our limbs, our arms and legs, were mottled with teeth marks, we looked like spoiling bananas. We looked like we beat each other, and we did. It would become too intense and my fists would rain down onto her chest. Or she would grab the skin around my ribs and pull like she would tear me open if she could. I'd have let her. I was having so much sex, why not some for money? Why not make a job of it? It spilled into me and out of me, there was so much, sex like water, self-generating, self-perpetuating, obsessive-compulsive Pluto transit sex. But I didn't want to share any of it, especially not with strange, gross men. It would be beyond wrong. If only we could bottle it, the pheromone fumes that rose from our bodies. We could do shows, I thought. Surely men would pay to see this. Real lesbian fucking, the deep and brutal reality of it, hands plunged into unbreakable cunts, none of those gently skimming tongues, no rosy tumbles, this hard and scary sex, this exhausting, painful, gorgeous sex.

At a poetry reading sponsored by the local paper's personal ad supplement we picked up an application. We were giggling, we held the Xeroxed form and a nubby pencil and together we brainstormed. Eleanor was all but a boy, and we couldn't have that. Eleanor would have to be a girl; there was no way around it. She was eighteen, which she'd have to have been even if she were twenty-five. How Old Do I Look? I asked. I relaxed my face, turned

it toward her. I removed my glasses. You look seventeen, she said. No Way, I Mean It, Tell Me. You look young. It's Not True. I Have Wrinkles. I was twenty-nine years old. Too young to be an older woman with a Mrs. Robinson draw, too old to be the vaunted age of eighteen. Can I Be Twenty-Four? I asked. Definitely. Twenty-Five, I said. Twenty-Six. I wrote the word twenty-six on the form. Twenty-six was still young, right? Wild Young Lesbians, our headline rang. Want To Put On A Hot Show For Generous Gentleman, it continued in regular type beneath. I would be Daisy. I imagined myself in a shirt tied into a halter beneath a rack I did not have. I imagined an ass that rolled out from a pair of cut-offs. It was a stupid image but I went with it. Eleanor was Gina. She was busty; she was fresh out of high school. We walked back to the table, handed in what was, essentially, our job application. We drove out to Daly City, to get a beeper. We had to drive through Colma to get there, the famous city of mostly dead people, acres of cemeteries spanning out from the freeway. In Daly City the beeper store curved on a corner, and inside a lady sold us their cheapest plan. We selected a used beeper, probably traded in by an upgrading teenage girl. It was translucent periwinkle, stuck with glittering stickers of flowers and cats. I liked us having a beeper. Mostly Eleanor carried it; Beep me, she'd say, and I would. I'd call the number and punch in 1-4-3, which was popular teenage code for I Love You. It appeared that I would never actually grow up. I was giddy, punching in the numbers from the phone at work, at the information desk at the rear of the bookstore. My bookstore was in the Castro and most of the people who shopped there were gay and male. We sold a lot of porn. The new Harry Potter, with a side of porn. *The Hours* and porn. *Mrs. Dalloway*, plus porn. *Body for Life* and porn. That's what we sold. David Sedaris and porn. Wallpaper magazine and porn. A man lingered, impatient, at the info desk counter, straining beneath the weight of his *French Laundry* cookbook, brought to me for gift-wrapping. 1-4-3, I slammed down the phone. I was fifteen years old. When I finished wrapping the giant cookbook, topping it off with a great, curling ribbon, I would stand in the metaphysical aisle pretending to organize, really looking up all I could about Eleanor's sign (Libra), her Chinese astrological sign (Goat), and how it vibed with me, an Aquarius Pig. A glossy red book promised that together we could create our own little world, that the outside world would drop away, comparatively bland, its colors blanched by the bright blast of our combined romantic imaginations. I drifted over to the travel section and grabbed some guidebooks to Greece, took them back to the info desk to study. The personal ad supplement had given us a phone number to access our voice mail. On Wednesday the papers came out, and there we were—Wild Young Lesbians. The men called in a steady trickle, leaving hesitant messages. We would return their calls, leave our beeper number, Beep Us, I'd speak into their machines. Sometimes they'd answer their phones. I did the calling, Eleanor's voice was too deep, she sounded like a man and plus she was shy and had never interacted with men this way, never had conducted this particular exchange. I would phone them and say Hello, This Is Daisy, I'm Returning Your Call? Why did I want to speak in a southern accent? It was so embarrassing. I resisted the urge. I trained my voice to sound like the voice of the happiest girl in the world, the sweetest, the best girl, the girliest, least threatening lesbian ever. I confirmed what the ad had promised—I was young and wild and my girlfriend was even younger, possibly wilder. We would come right into your home and have sex atop your bed. It was like live porn, there in your very own bedroom... ■

On Wednesday the papers came out, and there we were —Wild Young Lesbians.

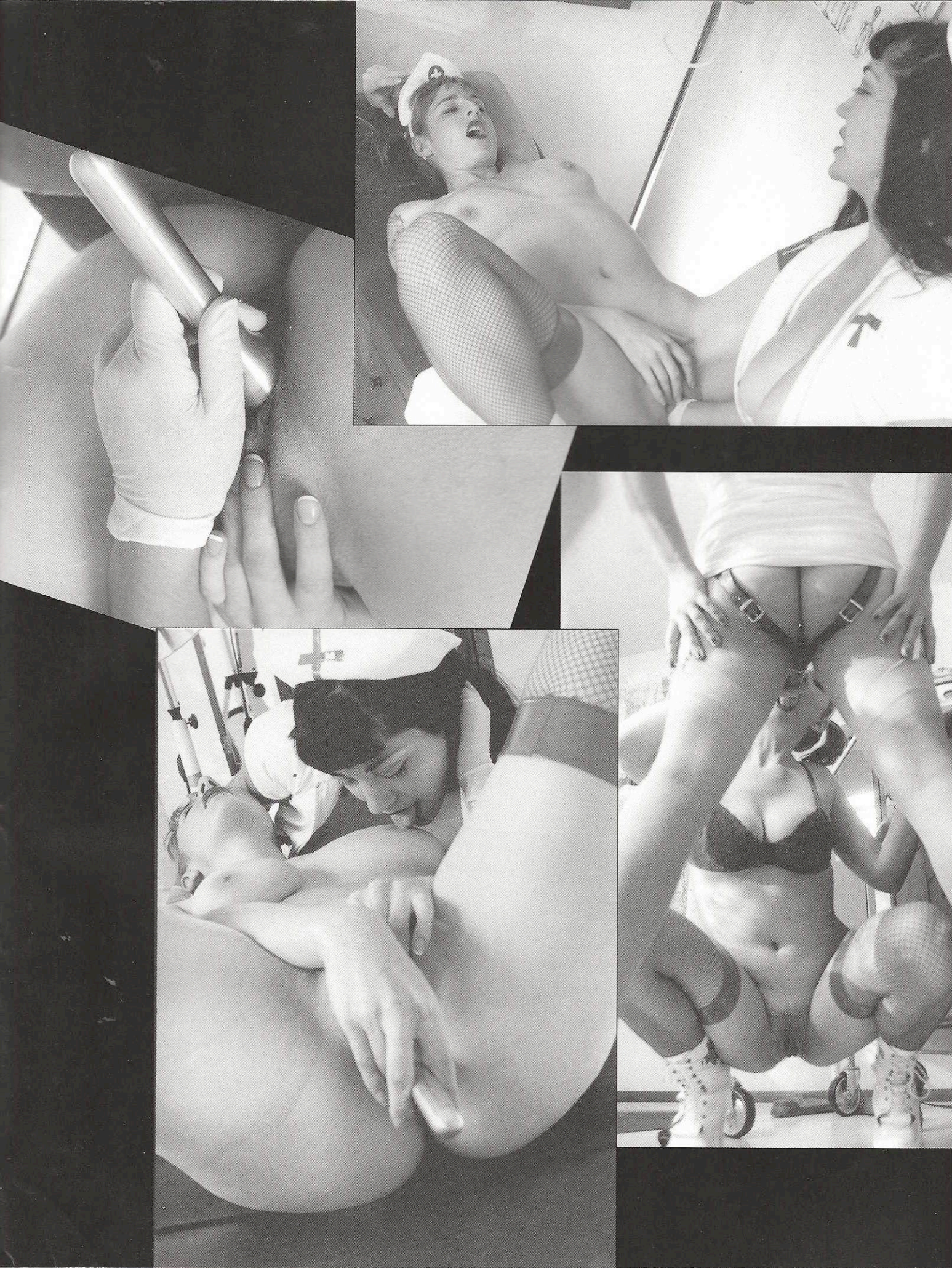


Time for your medicine

these dyke nurses have good bedside manner

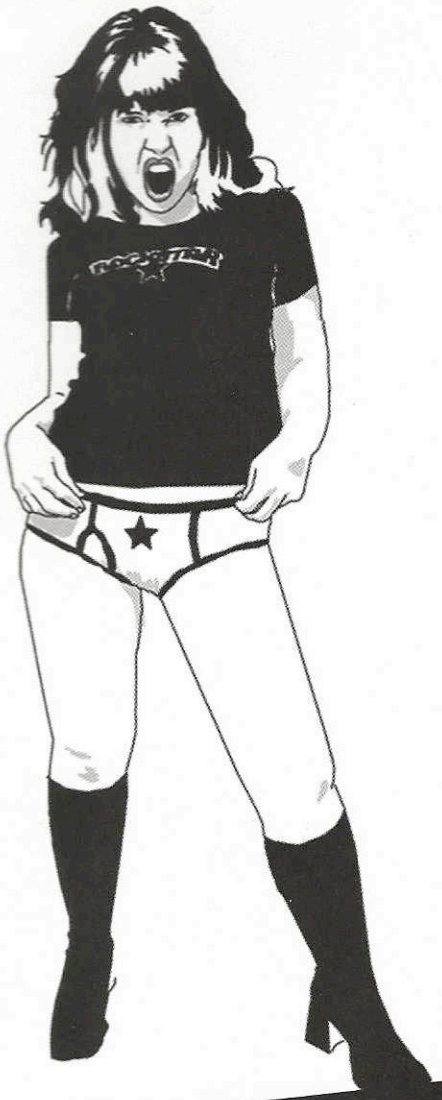
photography by Brett Fisher

Those night shifts can feel so long and lonely. It's no wonder the nurses like to indulge in a little medical play to pass the time. Latex gloves and a slippery speculum are handy pleasure tools for horny RNs. If only they paid as much attention to their patients as they do to each other.



Playing with Pornstars

by Metis Black



Porn, porn, porn, and some sex toys on the side: that's the Adult Video News Expo. As the owner of a company that manufactures dildos and butt plugs, I've gone to many trade shows. AVN, however, was another matter—and a brand-new experience for me. This annual extravaganza is a trade show and adult movie award ceremony that's open to the public. Held in Los Vegas, AVN draws about 16,000 members of the (paying) public and another 8,000 industry professionals. This year I went as an honorary employee of the sex toy and accessories manufacturer Sportsheets. I swear I only did it for business.

AVN is primarily about the porn industry and the people who make it sizzle. All the stars you love, or at least lust hard for, are there showing off and hoping their films will be recognized in the awards ceremony. I don't know much about porn stars, but there's one I could pick out of a crowd. That's the tattooed bad girl with an anal fixation who was *20/20*'s porn exposé example of a girl gone wrong: Belladonna.

I spent the first day looking around, making eyes at the buxom porn star Chasey Lain, and wishing I could work up the nerve to introduce myself to Belladonna. I never did. But I got hugs at East Coast News and General Video (both big distributors that deliver porn and some of my toys to your local store).

That evening, after a hard day walking among scantily clad women, I joined Nina Hartley and her girlfriend Jenn in their room. Once there, Nina got topless and Jenn bottomless (she'd been in tight vinyl pants all day and needed to air out), and the conversation was all about sex toys. They had just tried a new butt plug and described the scene for me in glorious detail. It was a bit of torture for Jenn, who wasn't to make any noise or come, though her ass and pussy were filled with silicone and a Hitachi Magic Wand vibrator was aimed at her clit. When she wanted to squeal she was instructed to squeeze the plug and dildo within her, which made her even hotter. Alas, we only had an hour or so together, as Nina had an event to attend and I had a date.

"... a Hitachi Magic Wand was aimed at her clit."

I spent the evening with the amazing Kim Airs, owner of Grand Opening, a sex toy store in Boston and Los Angeles. After a light dinner we went to sex toy manufacturer Adam & Eve's party at the Sands resort. The line was extremely long, but luckily I had given some toys to luscious porn star Alexandra Silk a couple of years back for an all-girl film. She pulled Kim and me out of line and walked us in herself. The DJ was topless, the place was packed, and the centerpieces were ice sculptures of women's torsos with a fill hole for shots at the back of the neck and an exit hole between the legs. Kim, renowned for her own squirting abilities, took her shot while bent backward. It splashed all over her face, but she licked it up wantonly.

While walking around the show the second day, I noticed the stars were giving female fans extra-special attention. There weren't very many women, but the ones who showed up were in for a treat. Porn starlets posed more provocatively for photo shots with female fans. They allowed them to get closer. They put their hands on them. And many times they gave the women free gropes. It was really beautiful to watch. This was the first year that AVN provided a Gay Pavilion, and it was quite popular with attendees and stars. The only exclusively girl-on-girl booth, though, belonged to Girlfriends Video.

The AVN Expo was not the only hot entertainment going on in Vegas; the second annual BondCon, a gathering for bondage enthusiasts, was also underway. BondCon attracted a spectacular, yet small, group of serious aficionados. There were dildo fucking machines, restraint benches, electrical equipment, enema kits, metal cages, hand-forged cuffs, bondage beds, leather webs, whips and paddles, corsets and latex wear, and a streaming video of starlet Smokin' Mary Jane fisting herself. My head swam as I watched the flogging demonstrations, Japanese bondage exhibitions, and pony girls walking proud. I was a kid in a candy store—a fetish candy store. My only regret: That I left BondCon and AVN unmolested.

Before I left, I booked myself a booth for next year. So in 2005 I hope to see you there! ■

Every issue, **adventure girl** sets off for another sexcapade. Like to see her make your fantasy her reality? Write it down and send it to: **On Our Backs**, 3415 César Chávez, Suite 101, San Francisco, CA 94110; fax: 415-648-4705; email: editorial@onourbacksmag.com.

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Insu

rrection

by Felicia Luna Lemus
illustration by Deon Allen

Grated metal digs into my knees. Monroe pushes the entire weight of her solid body down on me. Clasps on her garter-belt sexy-thick-thighs carve hot little pits into my wife-beater exposed shoulders. Her thrashed hot-pink fishnets wrap around my neck and threaten to tangle my thicker-than-peach-fuzz sideburns.

"Have you been a good little factory worker?" Monroe yanks my wet chin up and forces me to face her.

The vintage evening gown she's got bunched up around her waist is soaked with rain and the fabric clings to her body slick as a second skin. The dress is ruined. She doesn't care. But I do. I know I can be a fairly adolescent dyke when I'm horny, but whatever, wet silk across her high voltage curves is mighty pleasing to this boy's eyes.

I struggle to keep us balanced on our perch. The bottle of tequila we brought with us already fell with a crash one story down to the street below. Monroe nearly gave me a demotion for that stunt. And now I'm afraid it's Monroe who's going to fall over the edge of the tower. But she won't. She's in total control. My face exactly where she wants it, me balancing us both, me getting the bruises—clearly, Monroe is in control. Has been since the day we met at WTO. She was the one throwing cherry bombs; I just held a sign.

The edge of her delicious apple-firm ass is perched up on the railing she's pretending to hold onto with her free hand. Same as me, the railing is just a prop. I'm going home tonight with diamond patterns bruised into the flesh of my kneecaps. I know it. And for once in my life, I don't resist.

Heaven. Gray dense storm clouds and serious delight, this is heaven.

"Don't make me repeat myself," she growls.

"What did you ask?" My factory boss secretly loves backtalk from her workers.

"You know damn well what I asked."

Monroe somehow manages to push me down even further into my kneeling worship pose. My muscles burn. I'd be in trouble if it wasn't my habit to pedal like a fucking demon to avoid being late to work. Anyone else would crumple under the pressure. It takes strength to please Monroe. I give in. I need a little kindness. I give her the answer she wants.

"No, not particularly. I haven't been a good worker at all."

"That's not what boss lady likes to hear."

She drops my chin like a bad habit, grabs the short sprigs at the crown of my head, and we're good to go again. Fishnet burns the soft skin of my ears.

"Your nose is cold," she scolds and pushes me away.

"Not for long," I want to say but can't because she's already grabbed me again and I'm back at work. Call me a fool, but I swear the woman tastes like peaches. Peach purée.

My right knee suddenly locks under me. It hurts. I breathe harder. Focus. I pray my knees don't give out on me. Maybe I'm getting too old for this sort of thing. Like hell, *this* is what keeps me young.

"You better not be daydreaming. No daydreaming on the clock, boy," I hear her say from somewhere far away. Sounds are muffled. My eyes closed, I see stars. Monroe's got some powerhouse thighs. Her legs grip my head like a python trying to rid its prey of oxygen. Focus. Work harder. Boss lady wants her worker to be bad. I do the best I can.

We're up in the civil defense air raid siren tower at Colorado and Monte Bonito, just west of Figueroa. Yes—a civil defense air raid siren, as in "Cold War 1960s nuke hysteria" air raid siren. I ride my bike past this dinky little tower every day on my way to and from Figueroa to get to my job at the May Day Coalition headquarters downtown. Never could figure out what the fuck the tower was. Wasn't like I was going to ask any of my co-workers. Call it butch pride if you must, but I figure a person should just know things like this, shouldn't have to ask. And then yesterday I overheard two old-timers reminiscing.

"Remember the day the siren at Monte Bonito blared back in 1964?"

"Of course. I looked for a mushroom cloud."

"Yep, I figured we were good as dead."

On my way home I noticed, sure enough, there is a rusted bullhorn-speaker at the top of the tower. Fucking weird. It was like having a WWII tank—all rusted and creaking and way too symbolic of military-industrial circle jerks—no one else seems to notice permanently planted in the middle of the street. The tower was almost like a telephone pole, but flaking rusty metal and with a four by four platform at the top with a metal pipe railing. L-shape footholds starting barely three feet up off the ground, I realized it would be easy enough to climb up to the platform. Guess no one else thinks of these things, otherwise the city would have removed at least the footholds long ago.

It started drizzling on my ride home. Any semblance of weather makes typical Los Angeles folk run for cover. Like they might

Her legs grip my head like a python trying to rid its prey of oxygen.

continued on page 46

THE FULL TREATMENT

A trip to the cosmetics counter is more exciting than expected.

by Taylor Quinn • illustration by Elizabeth Watasin

I was browsing lipsticks at Sephora, thinking about getting a make-over when a gorgeous woman with blue eyes and long black hair tied in a sleek ponytail asked if she could help me.

"I'd like a makeover," I said, gazing into her beautiful blue eyes.

"Great," she said. "Right this way. I'm Meri."

As I settled into my chair I noticed Meri's cleavage and a barely concealed rose tattoo on her left breast. She placed a warm washcloth over my face, imbuing the process with a seemingly inappropriate level of sensuality. My clit thrummed in response. But I closed my eyes and convinced myself it was all in my head.

She tapped my chin gently. "Open your eyes." I did as instructed. "They're such a beautiful color," she told me. "Like chocolate." Then she began stroking my face with her incredibly soft brushes, occasionally holding up a mirror to let me see her handiwork.

As she powdered me, I closed my eyes again, but I couldn't relax. Every time she pressed up against me, leaning near to stroke my cheek, I got more turned on. She brought her cheek so close to mine that the fine hairs on our skin were touching, and whispered in my ear. "How does that feel?" I was so aroused I had to stifle a moan. I silently wondered if she was getting turned on too.

"I think you want the full treatment today, don't you?" she asked, as she pulled up my skirt and ran a hand between my legs.

"You're almost done, but don't look yet," she told me. Taking me by both hands, she pulled me to my feet and led me across the floor. I opened one eye slightly and realized we were heading into a secluded area behind the main counter. I heard the whistle of a curtain being drawn along its tracks.

"Stand still," she commanded. I didn't know what was about to happen; usually they just hold up a mirror for a cursory inspection, and then you're done. "I think you want the full treatment today, don't you?" she asked, as she pulled up my skirt and ran a hand between my legs. I felt her fingers pressing into my panties. I opened my eyes and again saw that lovely cleavage.

"Yes," I groaned, ready for any kind of treatment she wanted to give me. As she teased my cunt with her fingers, she began licking her way up my bare legs. When her mouth finally reached my panties, she licked me through them, biting gently. The she paused and said, "You can't make any noise at all, or I won't be able to give you the full treatment."

"I'll be quiet," I whispered.

She knelt again and pushed my panties down to my ankles, trapping me. She stroked every part of my pussy with her tongue, knowing just where to lick and when to pull back and suckle my clit, drawing it into her teeth, nibbling doing everything she could to make it harder. Then she slid two fingers inside me, twisting and turning them while she licked.

I looked down, but all I could see was movement under my long, full skirt. I imagined what she looked like on her knees, legs slightly spread, hair messy from all her thrashing, those beautiful breasts full and heavy. When I thought about her tongue darting out, slowly toying with my clit as it was doing now, I couldn't hold back, and an orgasm rocked through my body. She stayed with me, her fingers slowing down but still maintaining their pressure, her tongue making lazy swirls around my clit before she gently withdrew her fingers.

She slipped out from under my skirt and looked up at me with those beguiling eyes before sucking her fingers into her mouth. I felt my clit harden again in response. She swiftly pulled my panties up, smoothed her hair, and licked her lips. Then, smiling and looking as fresh as ever, she drew back the curtain.

She turned me toward the mirror. "Well, is this what you wanted?" she asked, indicated my glowing, perfectly made-up face.

"Yes, yes, exactly what I wanted," I stammered. "Thank you."

"You're welcome. I aim to please," she said with a saucy smile. She gave me her card and I tucked it into my bra. Meri was about to see a drastic increase in business. ■

Taylor Quinn lives in New York.

SPRING
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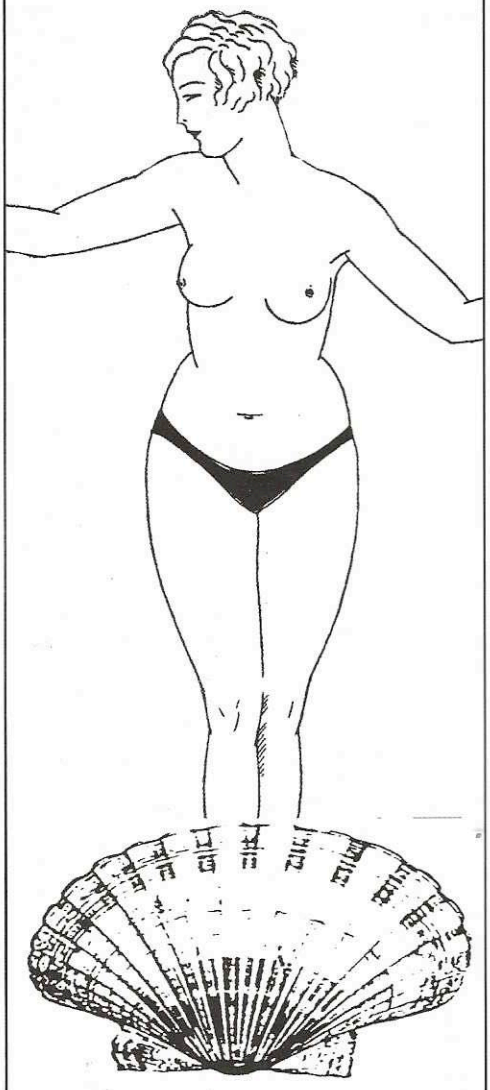
LOOK

Spoil a Sex Goddess...



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How slutty are you?

Take this quiz to find out whether you've been around the block or have barely been out of the house.

by Scribe Grrl

1. Do you talk dirty during sex?
(a) No, I can't even manage monosyllabic grunts.
(b) Yes, especially if she drops the first F-bomb.
(c) Does barking count as "talking dirty"?

2. Your favorite gadget is your
(a) iPod.
(b) Battery-powered nipple clamps.
(c) Magic Wand.

3. You've converted your basement into
(a) A shagadelic den of seduction.
(b) A dungeon, complete with sling and spanking bench.
(c) A private porn studio.

4. What's your opinion of fisting?
(a) Yes, please!
(b) Ouch.
(c) It's an intimate experience, to be shared with that special someone.

5. When you're online, you
(a) Read slash fiction.
(b) Check out the chat rooms and flirt a little.
(c) Fire up your web cam and put on a show.

6. The last time you wore handcuffs, you were
(a) Trying something new.
(b) At your Thursday night bondage club.
(c) Under arrest.

7. When you go to the video store, do you check out the "back room"?
(a) Of course!
(b) Only if I have friends along for moral support.
(c) You mean there's a front room?!

8. Have you ever found your G spot?
(a) A few times, yeah.
(b) I'm not sure.
(c) Yep, every night last week.

9. How often do you masturbate?
(a) Whenever I feel the need.
(b) Rarely.
(c) Hourly.

10. When you really want to be on top, you
(a) Hog-tie your lover.
(b) Guide her with your knees.
(c) Make her wear the remote-controlled vibe.

11. A hottie moves into the apartment next door. To get her attention, you
(a) "Accidentally" swap your delicates with hers in the laundry room.
(b) Leave your door open while you vacuum in the nude.
(c) Bake her some vulva-shaped cookies.

12. When you're feeling horny, you watch
(a) Whatever's on late-night cable.
(b) Sugar High, Glitter City.
(c) Your videotape of last night.

Shelley Amrich

13. You want to give your lover a night to remember. You decide to
(a) Light some candles so you can drip wax on her later.
(b) Put on a collar and follow her around the house on all fours.
(c) Give her a hot bath and a shave.

14. How often do you go to sex workshops?
(a) I thought about it, but I'm too shy.
(b) I'm an instructor.
(c) Whenever my mad skills need a quick brushing up.

15. You're having that special someone over for dinner. What do you serve?
(a) Chocolate fondue.
(b) Oysters.
(c) Yourself, trussed up on a platter.

16. How many dildos do you own?
(a) One for every mood.
(b) I'd have to check; it's been a while.
(c) Twenty-three, if you count the double-ended ones twice.

17. The most orgasms you've had in one night is
(a) I stopped counting after nine.
(b) I'm having one right now.
(c) I guess two or three.

(18-22.) Have you ever had sex...
18. In an elevator? ___
19. In a public bathroom? ___
20. In a movie theater? ___
21. In a park? ___
22. On a table in a restaurant? ___

23. You always keep the following in your car:
(a) A blanket, for impromptu makeout sessions on the hood.
(b) A CD of sexy songs.
(c) Your strap-on, in case someone needs a ride.

Go to page 44 to see your score.

What's your secret fantasy?

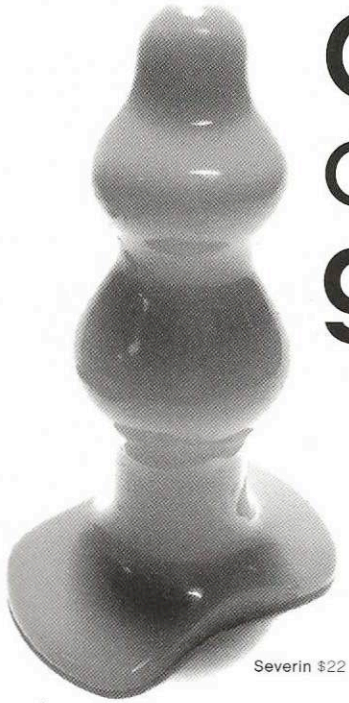
compiled by Bridget Cannon

There's this really hot girl at the coffee shop where I work. She always flirts with me even though she's told me she's in a relationship. She's Latina and really sexy and teases me all the time. Sometimes I think about grabbing her by the ponytail and pulling her into the back room at work so I can fuck her while we're on the clock. I want to put her up on top of the deep freeze and just fuck away. In my fantasy, there's always a line of customers waiting for their lattes when we finish. —*AJ*

I fantasize about getting on the bus like I do everyday, listening to Morrisey on my headphones. I see this blonde butch girl in a wifebeater and a button-down shirt looking at me as I sit down across from her. We make eye contact and she can hear Moz because my iPod is turned up so loud. We don't say anything but she gets up and comes across the aisle and kisses me. I just start making out with a total stranger on the bus in front of everybody. Of course she gets off at my stop and comes back to my apartment too. —*Aurora*

Wrestling is so my biggest thing. I want to pick a fight with my girlfriend one day and instead of us sitting down and trying to discuss it and process everything, I just want her to smack me. Then I can shove her up against the wall and we can just fight. I want to wrestle until we're just fucking and fighting all at the same time. My girlfriend's fairly strong but she's really shy so it probably won't happen. —*Eva*

I want to get fucked with a hand gun. I've got one of those gun-shaped vibes but it's not really the same. Something about it seems really awful and taboo and gross but really sexy at the same time. It's a total marriage of American culture, sex, and violence all at once. I like to think about some random girl warming it up between her knees before she slides the metal in me and how all the ridges and especially the sight of it would feel. —*Julie*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Probe Nina

by Nina Hartley

Going Public

My girlfriend has trouble getting wet and having orgasms. Or at least that's what I thought until last night. We fooled around at her office and she got dripping wet. Everyone had left for the night, but the janitor was in the other room. She said the excitement of getting caught really turned her on. How do I get her this excited without hiring the janitor to come over and hang out in the next room?

By incorporating the "we could get caught" scenario into your lovemaking. You can role-play that you are in public, and whisper sexy things in her ear while you lift her skirt up from behind. Do foreplay while you're out to dinner, saving the actual sex for when you get home. Make her hitch up her skirt under the table while you finger her. Feel her up at the movies. You can make her lift her skirt and diddle her clit while you drive around. You can pull her into dark alleys and grope and fondle her rudely and quickly before returning to your walk. Keep safety in mind: getting arrested really kills the mood, I've found. Let her excitement, combined with your own comfort level, be your guide.

Need a Licking

I'm dating a girl who prefers to fuck me with her dildo over going down on me. I like getting fucked, but I don't come from it. I don't want her to do something she doesn't want to do, but I'm not getting orgasms. How can I make us both happy?

Honesty is the best policy when it comes to sexual pleasure. Have you explored using a vibrator while she fucks you? Your hand? Her hand? If receiving oral sex is important to you, let her know. To ease the pressure of talking about sensitive subjects, find time when neither of you needs to be somewhere else. Frame it in terms of how she can turn you on, as opposed to what you're not so happy with. If she doesn't like to be eaten herself, she just might not understand how important pussy-licking is to your pleasure. If she's a considerate lover she'll be happy to learn that it's hot for you. If she doesn't like to eat pussy, or makes you feel bad for bringing it up, then you must negotiate and find a compromise, so you don't become resentful and withdraw from her emotionally. Everybody involved needs to be sexually satisfied or the relationship is no good. Remember, no one can "give" you an orgasm. She can only facilitate your pleasure by finding out what you need and providing it to the best of her ability. Speak up for what you need!

Help with Herpes

My girlfriend has genital herpes. We don't have sex when she feels a breakout coming on, but I was wondering if having sex when she has no breakouts is actually safe?

If she's on an anti-viral drug program and there are no visible lesions, it's as safe as it will ever be to fuck, so don't worry. Herpes is very common: if you've had chicken pox, then you've had a form of herpes. There isn't anything to be done about it, so I advise you to continue with your current protocols and then put it out of your mind when you have sex together.

To Pee or Not to Pee

I have been getting one urinary tract infection after the other lately. I'm dating several girls and having safe sex. It mostly seems to happen after long bouts of fisting, even though I make sure to empty my bladder before and after. Am I going to have to give up my favorite sexual activity?

No, but you might have to bow to physical reality and alter how you do it, since chronic cystitis is a real drag. I don't know what "long bouts" means. Ten minutes? Forty-five? Hours? Once a week? Once a day? I'd start by reducing the amount of time her hand is actually in you. Have your lover point her knuckles away from your urethral sponge (G spot) to limit irritation to the delicate tissue. Try finding a lover with smaller hands. Change the lube. Have her push down toward your ass as opposed to pulling up toward your urethra, being careful not to apply too much pressure on your tailbone. If you're being fisted bareback, make sure your partner washes her hands before putting them in you. Also, drink cranberry juice every day to acidify your pee. The concentrate from health food stores is best, as the sugary "juice drinks" don't have enough mojo. A couple of swigs from the bottle (sour!) chased with some water can be a big help. You should see an improvement in a week or so. ■

Nina Hartley is a porn star and a registered nurse. Send your woes her way. Mail to: **Probe Nina** at **On Our Backs**, 3415 César Chávez, Suite 101, San Francisco, CA 94110; fax: 415-648-4705; email: nina@onourbacksmag.com.

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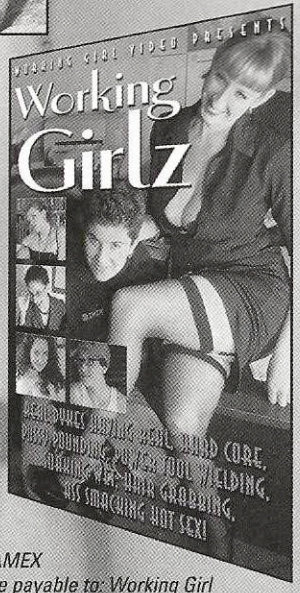

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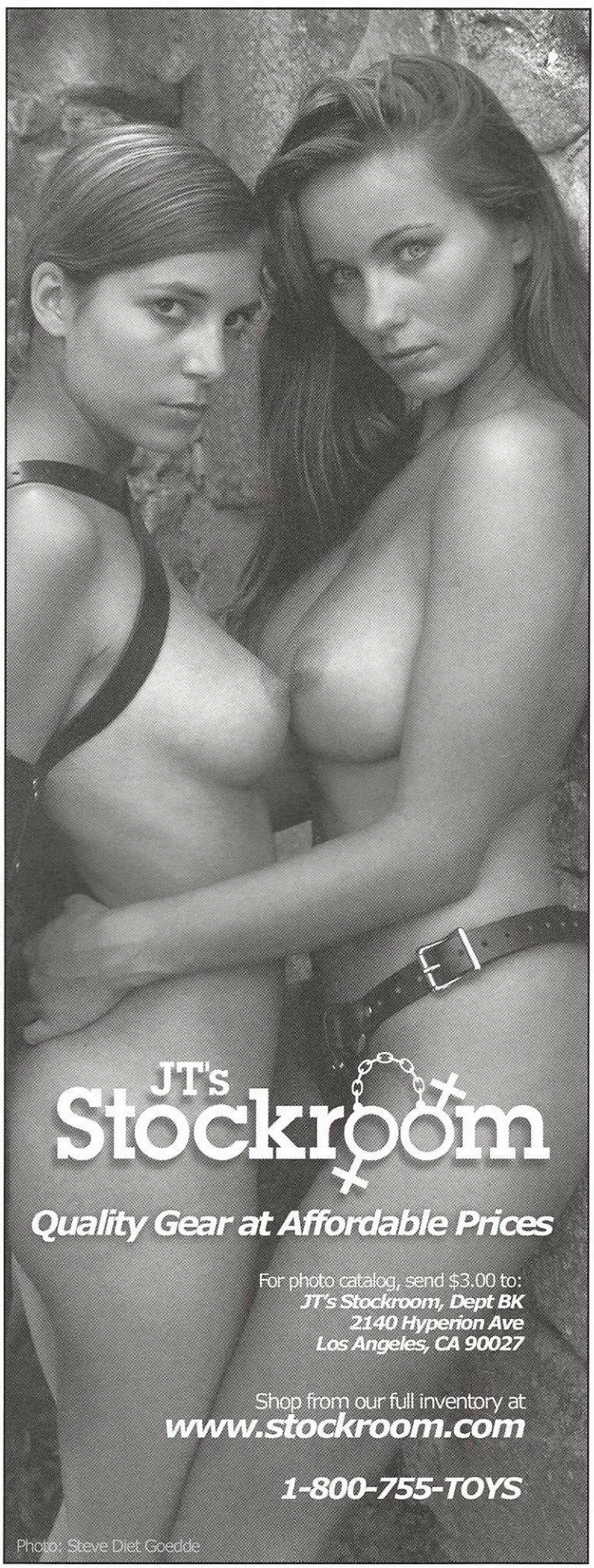


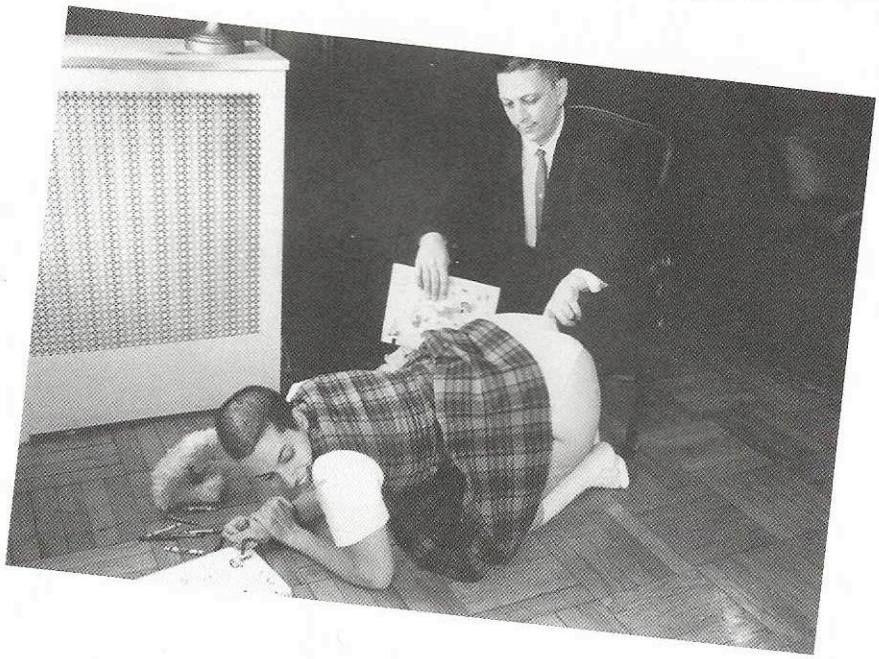
Top Like You Mean It

by Rachel Venning

Does the idea of pouring your energy into a willing bottom sound like fun? Consider turning up the polarization by taking on an explicit top role. With stiletto sharpness, or steel-toed stomping, here are some tips to make your next playdate beg for mercy, and ask for more.

1. Think like a top

The top takes the lead, and choreographs the scene. A top can be a cruel viscious diva, or an arrogant, demanding daddy. A scene between a top and a bottom is an energy exchange—the top pours out energy in to the bottom and the bottom takes it, and transforms pain, service, or deprivation into pleasure. As a top you should expect willingness from your play partner, and good communication about desires and limits. You're the star, so get ready to shine.



2. What's your style

Locate what turns you on and use your fantasies as a guide. Does sadism make you slick, or is it power and control that blows your dress up? Are you a heartless interrogator, or a cruel yet nurturing mommy type? Come up with things you want to try and be prepared to talk to your date about your desires. She has her hot spots too. Find out if she's a pain pig or a bad, bad little boy that needs verbal discipline. Negotiating ahead of time is sexy, and a necessary component of a great scene.

3. Safety first

The first rule of SM safety: Everything must be consensual. If you decide to throw in something new, get your bottom's OK. And either one of you can back out at any moment. Agree on a safe word that will immediately stop the action. In bondage be careful not to put strain or pressure on nerves and joints. Don't wallop someone in the kidneys, on the bones, in the gut—go for big muscle areas. The back and ass are safest.

4. Learn to improvise

Don't be too scripted. Playing a scene is like contact improv. Agree to some roleplay touchstones; for example: you're two gay men, the scene is a pickup. There'll be bondage, flogging, and anal sex, but you can add in other activities if the spirit moves you and your partner consents.

5. Embrace the slow climb

You and your bottom may be champing at the bit to get to the good stuff, but starting out slow will enable her body to go farther. If your bottom is longing for more, before you know it you'll be going at full force.

6. Toys for tops

Pervy tops like toys. Your collection doesn't have to be expensive, though you may want to get a quality flogger. A trip to the hardware store for eyebolts, rope, and chain can transform your boudoir into a pleasure palace. Candles and clothespins from the dollar store may be all the torture devices you need. Learn to use your kinky gear by trying things on yourself, talking to experienced players, or taking a class. Verbal skills are as important as technical skills.

7. Read your bottom

Constantly asking "is this ok?" will ruin the mood. Some bottoms are wonderfully responsive, and will let you know to keep going with moans and pleas. If yours is the silent type, look for physical clues: flushing, panting, and sweating are all signs of arousal. Stay strong when you check in. Tell her to rate the intensity of sensation from one to ten, or tell her to do something (e.g. spread her legs farther) if she wants more.

8. End the scene

One way to end a scene is with mind-blowing orgasms. If your playdate does not involve sex, you'll still want some sort of climax. Pick something that's a stretch for the bottom. She'll know that when it's over, you're done. When the play ends both parties will be tripping on endorphins. Stay together and cuddle; be nice to your bottom as she comes back down to earth. It's thoughtful to call within the next couple of days to check in. ■

Trolling for Bottoms

If you're looking for someone to stick their ass in the air, worshipfully lick your boots, and take what you've got to deliver, the conventional wisdom is that bottoms outnumber tops by at least five to one. Go out in the world with your top persona and watch the bees come to circle your flower. Establish dominance during flirting with a hand on the back of the neck or by gripping and pulling hair while making out.

Rachel Venning is the co-founder of Toys in Babeland and the co-author of Sex Toys 101.

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Mid-December 2004-January 2005

Aries (March 21-April 19)

You're just oozing with so much seductive charm this holiday season, Aries, you stand a fair chance of getting laid, even if shit goes terribly awry. Your mental balance and cool has you in a great place to juggle multiple amours and escape unscathed by drama. Your paramours, however, may not be so lucky.

Taurus (April 20-May 20)

Oh, that loony full moon around the 24th of December may inspire some decadent overindulgence in Tauruses, so clean your sheets and put yer humpin' pants on. That's the good news. The blah news is, your lusty indiscretions may have you sharing your bed with folks who annoy you once the heat has faded. Give them cab fare and send them on their way.

Gemini (May 21-June 21)

The planets are working against your libido, Gemini. They're hell-bent on making your holiday season stressful and sexless. Alas, this sad situation is beyond control, so try sublimating your sex drive with some consolation activities.

Cancer (June 22-July 22)

Look to your friends for hook-ups this holiday season, Cancer. No, we don't advocate you ruining a comfy friendship with a boozy, late-night indiscretion, but it's a great time to enlist your friends as matchmakers, so let people know what you're looking for.

Leo (July 23-Aug. 22)

The Leo full moon on January 25th and 26th is fertile for you lions, and a perfect time to put the moves on someone you've been pining for. Watch out, though—hitting on someone you're not really interested in could result in a long-term stalker. In the weeks leading up to that, a lot of people want a piece of your ass, leaving you confused about whether it's the admirer you like, or their admiration.

Virgo (Aug.23-Sept. 22)

The December full moon in Cancer is a productive time for you, Virgo. It's a great time to tackle your sex toy shopping, dungeon remodeling projects, or relationship negotiations. Give yourself some alone time, as well. Too much of this productive activity risks triggering some obsession and stress.

Libra (Sept. 23-Oct. 22)

The full moon this December is so superfertile, we advise you Libras not to take any major risks, lest you wind up with a stalker and an STD. And try to stay checked in with yourself. You people are good at partying, schmoozing, and flirting while in reality you're overstimulated and not very present. Let's try to not do that, okay?

Scorpio (Oct. 23-Nov. 21)

Scorpio, you are in your passionate, revved-up element this holiday season. You people are the only signs in the whole zodiac having a great time. We guarantee you'll get laid and get laid well. You're honestly available, your creativity in the sack is peaking, and you're totally hot for yourself.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 21)

This holiday season is a great time to hit on ex-girlfriends and reignite long lost crushes that burnt out from unrequited inactivity. It's a nice moment to reach out to that friend with whom you've always had sexual tension. She's probably ready to be serious lez-be-friends with you. You're in a fantastic place to just be there for the people from your past.

Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan.19)

That December full moon is going to be a little wonked for you, Capricorn. You're coming out of a period of sexual confusion and mixed-messages, and some sexy, fresh clarity is the universe's holiday gift to you. We urge you to use it to get straight (so to speak) with whomever you've been playing hot-and-cold with.

Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 18)

Aquarius, there's a duel to the death happening inside your hot bod. Can you feel it? Your prudish brain just unsheathed her sword and hollered *en garde* at your reckless and dreamy genital region. But make no mistake—your snatch is no pacifist. She is going to beat the shit out of your uptight brain, until your downstairs parts win free reign.

Pisces (Feb. 19-March 20)

It does not suck to be a Pisces right now. This is a great time for you to be out there soliciting dates, little seahorse. We're not recommending you take a twirl in the bathroom with the first rake who buys you a drink. We think you have a larger plan about the sort of amour you'd like in your life, so be direct about what you're pursuing.

Award-winning writer Michelle Tea and intuitive counselor Jessica Lanyadoo have been fraternizing with fate together for the past six years. Write to Double Team at lovedoubleteam@hotmail.com. ■

QUIZ SCORING

See Quiz on Page 38

1. a = 0 pts, b = 1 pt, c = 2 pts
2. a = 0 pts, b = 2 pts, c = 1 pt
3. a = 1 pt, b = 3 pts, c = 2 pts
4. a = 3 pts, b = 0 pts, c = 2 pts
5. a = 1 pt, b = 2 pts, c = 3 pts
6. a = 2 pts, b = 3 pts, c = 1 pt
7. a = 2 pts, b = 1 pt, c = 3 pts
8. a = 1 pt, b = 0 pts, c = 3 pts
9. a = 1 pt, b = 0 pts, c = 3 pts
10. a = 2 pts, b = 1 pt, c = 3 pts
11. a = 1 pt, b = 3 pts, c = 2 pt
12. a = 1 pt, b = 2 pts, c = 3 pts
13. a = 1 pt, b = 3 pts, c = 2 pts
14. a = 0 pts, b = 3 pts, c = 1 pt
15. a = 1 pt, b = 2 pts, c = 3 pts
16. a = 2 pts, b = 0 pts, c = 3 pts
17. a = 2 pts, b = 3 pts, c = 1 pt
18-19: yes = 2 pts, no = 0 pts
20-22. yes = 3 pts, no = 0 pts
23. a = 2 pts, b = 1 pt, c = 3 pts

(42-63 points) Wet and Willing: Down, girl! Actually, you're already there—down on, underneath, or on top of just about anything that moves. Buckle up and pass the lube: you're riding a wave of fun and fucking that isn't likely to break anytime soon.
(21-42 points) Sweet and Sensual: You like sex, and you know how to please your lovers, but you also like to play it cool and maintain a sense of balance. Cuddling or cunnilingus—you'll take both, and you give 'em good too.
(0-21 points) Chilly and Cerebral: It's time to get out of your head and get down on your knees! It's fine to be shy and to take things slow, but you're in danger of losing your libido entirely. Go buy some leather, preferably in the form of a harness, and head to the bar!

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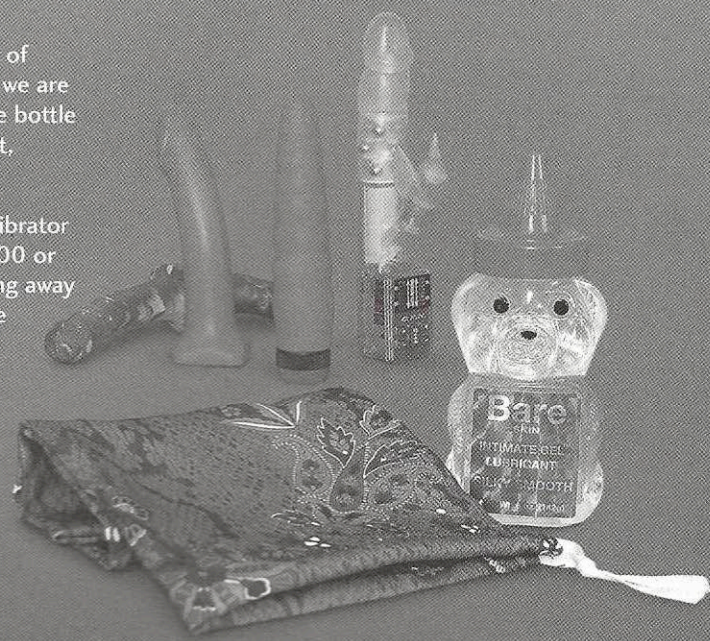

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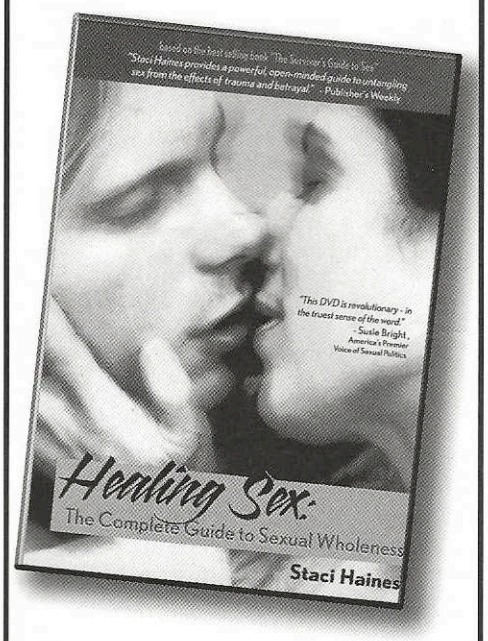
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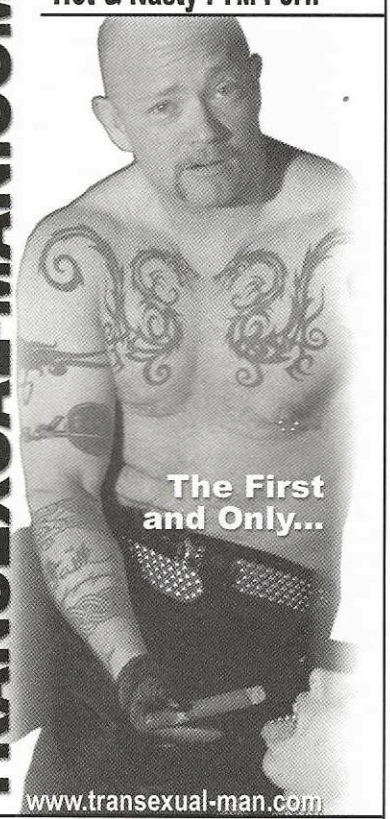

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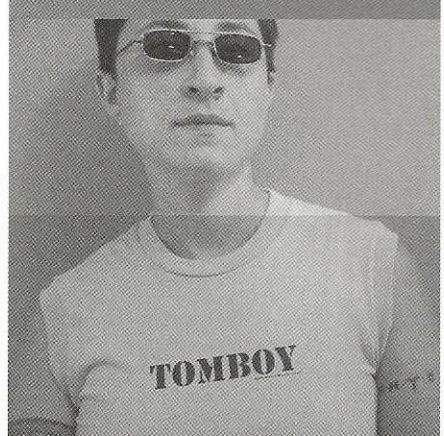

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Insurrection

continued from page 35

melt or something. No better time to wrangle up some excitement with my girl.

"Baby Cakes, pack your bags…we're going on a road trip," I told Monroe as I walked in our apartment's door.

"Can't. I'm doing Food Not Bombs at Pershing Square tomorrow," she said.

"We'll be back by then," I said and lured her off the couch with a bottle of top shelf gold and a shaker of salt. The trick worked. It always does. But really the trick was on me. Always was. See, Monroe lets me think I've got such power. We both know the truth of the matter. Isn't about who wears the pants. That's for damned sure.

"Where to?" she said.

"To a crime scene."

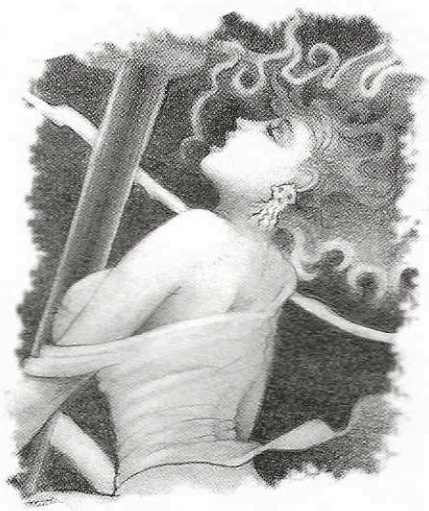
Her eyes sparkled. She threw one of her silk dresses into a bag. For the road trip, I presumed. Her toothbrush and a pair of gaudy huge earrings followed. Don't know where she figured I was taking her. Some little tropical island or Vegas at least. My blue collar doesn't allow such things. The "pack your bags" line was just that, a line. She should have known better. With her silk dresses and dolled-up hot self, she was ready to go. Me, I had on the same faded black tee-shirt and black hoody sweatshirt duo I wore every day. Same stinky skate sneaks on my feet. Some dark denim and cotton in between. I was born ready.

Bag slung around her torso, she took the tequila bottle from me, ripped a swig and spilled salt all over the floor. Her dress caught in the door and snagged as we left. More pale bronze thigh exposed and another dress nearing ruin. Ruin, like a get-on-a-tour-bus-and-see-the-ancient cathedrals-and-ampi-theater ruin, Monroe was perfection in the tatter-torn 1930s evening gowns she wore each and every day. My girl Monroe defined elegance as she rumbled through town, a glammed-up warrior babe on a mission. Always on a mission.

Like when she hijacked my bike, left me in her dust, and rode to the corner gas station to flick her cigarettes at the fuel trucks and to pump air into the bike's tires, a little silver air gauge—its bulb head and pop-out stem a source of much amusement to her—clipped onto the outer top of her left motorcycle boot, three shining quarter-sized slugs for the gas station air machine in a sequined coin purse tucked into the rat-nest tangle of fire-red knots she calls her hair.

Or when she walked to the closest chain supermarket on strike, palmed their groceries, and slipped dinner unpaid into her messenger bag. "This grub was paid aplenty with eons of oppressed workers' sweat," she said as she tumbled vegan and caffeine affairs out onto our kitchen counter from her bag.

During all of this and plenty other sizzling bad behavior, Monroe sported evening gowns acquired with the most refined of grave robber skills, vulture-style, at estate sales.



Each disintegrating slinky dress so thin that everyone could practically taste the garters she taught me how to clasp to her stockings no matter how many shots of tequila we'd had.

"Are we going on a road trip or aren't we?" she said and snapped me out of my happy little wet dream. We were still standing at the door of the apartment. She was getting impatient. Good sign.

"Oh, yeah," I cleared my throat. "Let's go."

I bent at the knees, lifted my bike, and carried it out the door and down the apartment's outer stairwell. At the sidewalk, crossbar between my legs, I rolled up my right pant leg to the calf with one hand and offered my other hand to Monroe. Very Prince Charming. Her left arm wrapped around my chest, she saddled up. My girl's heavy motorcycle boots expertly balanced on the trick-bars I installed just for her years ago, I rode us three blocks east in the empty dark of Colorado Boulevard.

"Here we are." I stopped at the tower and waved like a magician. Tada!

"You're joking, right?" she said, looking up.

"It's a civil defense air raid siren tower. A little bit of the war machine right in our backyard. Insane, right?"

"Are you sure?"

"Yes."

"That *is* insane."

"And fucked, right?"

"Yes, and fucked."

I could tell her brain had entered overdrive. Every bit of her radical self got riled up and ready for action. Monroe dismounted and made my back cold with her absence.

"You fucking killing machine!" She kicked the pole with her angry heavy boot.

That was the moment I knew. Tonight was going to be better than simply good.

I leaned my bike against the base of the tower's pole, got on one knee, cupped my hands, and offered her a lift.

"My lady..." I waited.

"This tower thing pisses me off," she said in the most vicious tone she could muster. And girl can muster good.

"Monroe…"

She glared at me, hitched her gown to the thigh, climbed to the tower's platform one story up. Once at our destination, she put her factory boss hat on. I followed lead.

"Long live overthrow!" Monroe screams from the shadows of the air raid siren. Seems someone's forgotten her role. Factory boss got fired, I guess. I stop long enough to look up and see Monroe thrust her fist into the air. A deafening clap of thunder rattles the tower. Gale force cold winds follow. Dang, we must have pleased some rebel girl ghost tonight.

Monroe's ripping at my hair. Digging into my scalp with her nails. And bruising the flesh over my ribcage with her heavy boots. I continue with my work. No one ever said it was easy being an anarchist. ■

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